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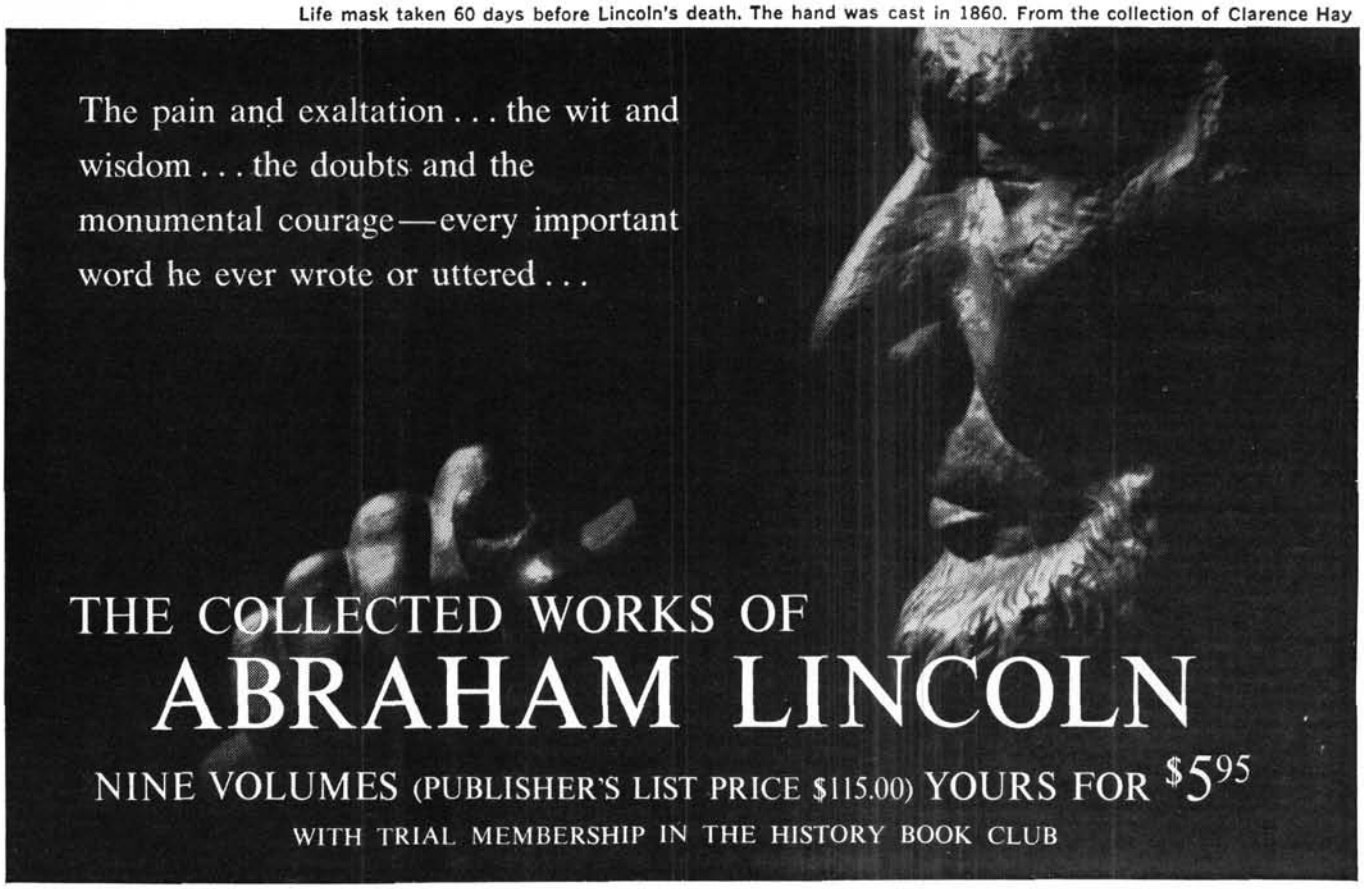

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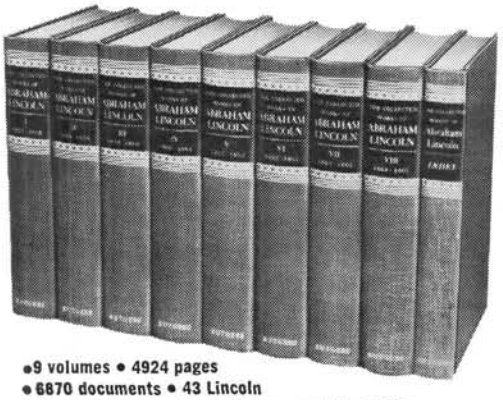

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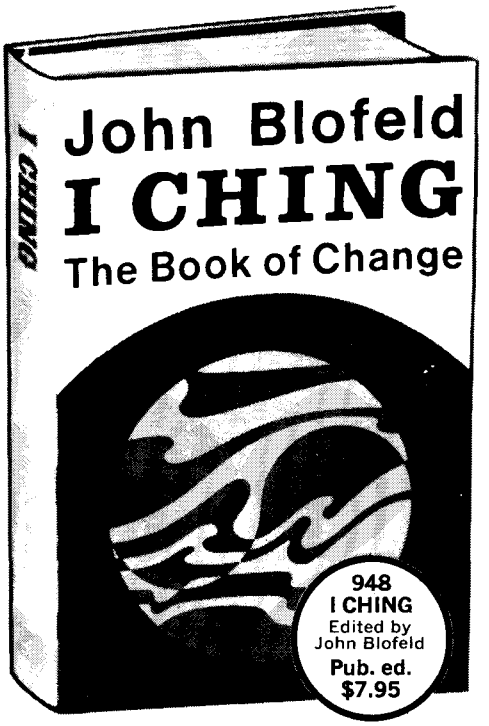

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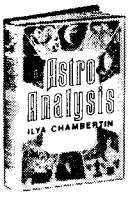

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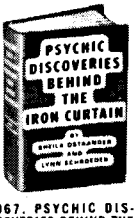

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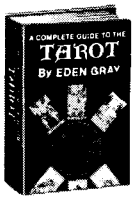

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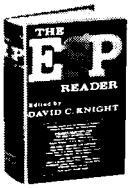

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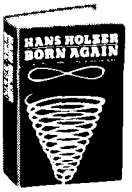

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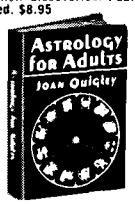

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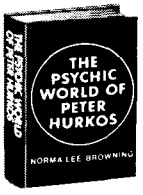

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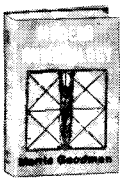

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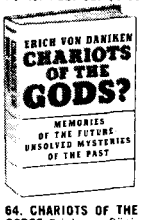

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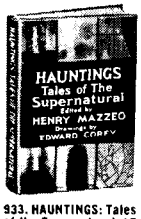

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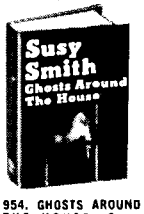

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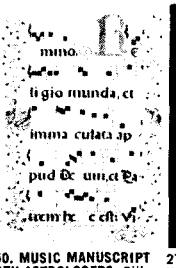

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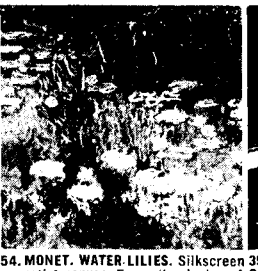

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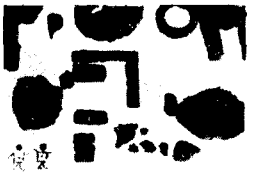

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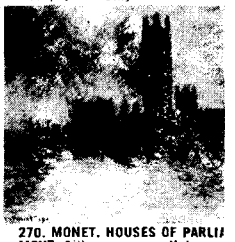

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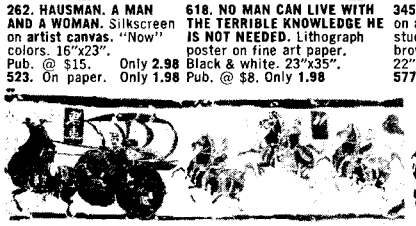

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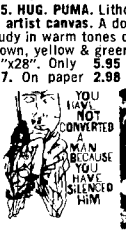

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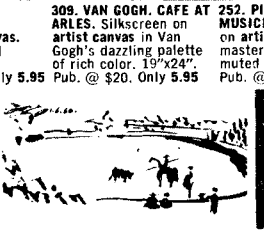

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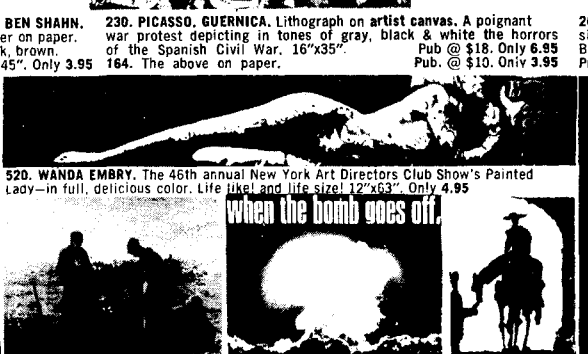

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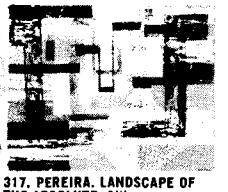

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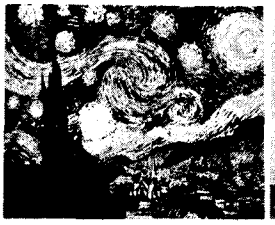

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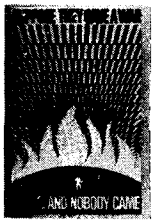

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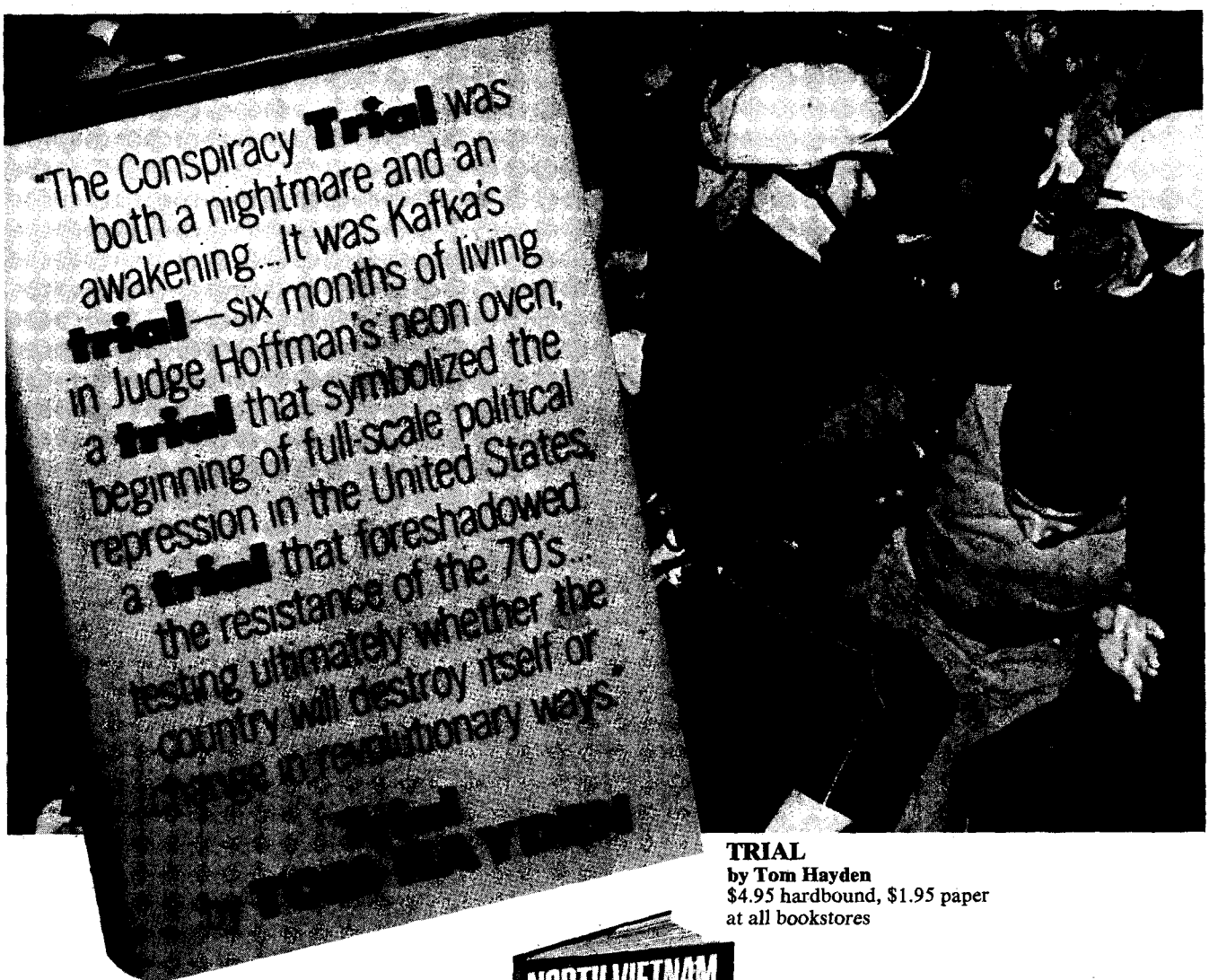
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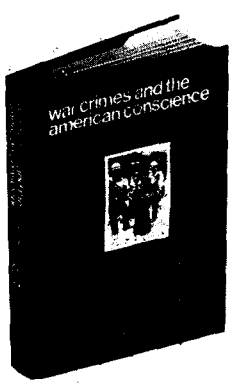

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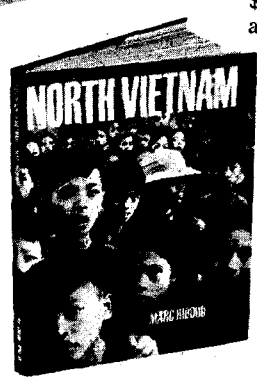

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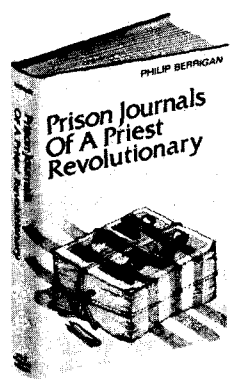

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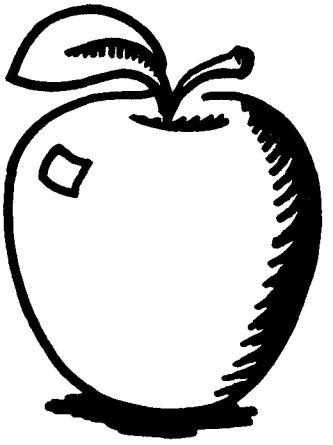

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This is not a scare ad. If you can read–let alone smell, taste and breathe–you're probably scared enough.

Because you know that a flood of poisonous chemicals has invaded your family's diet. Robbing your food of its flavor and wholesomeness. Robbing you of your health, and perhaps years of life as well.

You know that 20 states (so far) have banned their fish, poultry and game because of mercury poisoning that has killed entire families.

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That 51% of all fish sticks sold in America are bacteriologically contaminated.

That the paraffin-wax coating applied (for "visual appeal") to 70% of all fruits, vegetables and produce sold in this country is a known cancer producer, which cannot be washed off or cooked out.

That to fatten profits, 75% of the entire American beef supply is now being "primed" with a dangerous growth-hormone called *stilberstol,* also a known cancer producer.

That even your drinking water is now so contaminated that, according to the Wall Street Journal, *bottled water has become the fastest growing business in the United States!*

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"Organic" doesn't describe the food–*but how it has been grown and prepared.* Quite simply–organic food has NOT been sprayed, stimulated, bleached, colored, fortified, emulsified and processed to within an inch of its life (and yours). Some people call it "Health Food." Others say "Natural Food." We say only this: Remember how good food used to taste? And how good it was *for* you? That's what organic food, and The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY, is all about.

Towards a "total organic environment"

More than just a supermarket by mail (or a collection of wild-eyed food "faddists.") EFS was inspired by a distinguished group of doctors, biologists, dieticians and ecologists who were alarmed at the contamination of our food supply and the accelerating destruction of our environment.

Through the support of members like yourself, The EFS is encouraging farmers, cattlemen, and manufacturers all over the country to STOP polluting our food, our air, *our lives.* Encouraging them in the only way practical–*by making it worth their while.* A farmer won't stop spraying poisons on his crop because you hand him a copy of "Silent Spring"–*but because you promise to buy that unsprayed crop.*

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That is because EFS prices are based on *yearly* averages. From coast to coast, our manufacturers, livestock raisers and farmers promise to abide by our strict organic principles. (And we check to make sure!) In return, EFS promises to accept and distribute their organic output–every day, every month, every season. So that the price-level of organic foods need never be more than a few pennies above that of "contaminated" products.

And even these low prices can be lowered–as, month by month, we bring more and more of the earth and its products under organic cultivation. (Our goal: the United States in seven years, most of the world in ten.)

How the Society works for you

Many members order their entire weekly or monthly food supply from the Society. Others buy just a few things, like a special honey, "natural" vitamins, chemical-free cider, etc. *But no member is ever obligated to buy anything.*

Free with your membership

You will receive the Society's COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS. This is an illustrated market-place (for members only) of organically grown fruits, vegetables, meats, fowl, fish, butter, milk, eggs, cheeses, dried fruits, honey, nuts, breads, juices, cookies, cakes, candy, grains, cereals, flours, vitamins–all the foods you normally buy for yourself and your family. The Society will deliver them direct to your door. Or, as with certain perishables and non-shippables, advise you where and how to obtain them if available in your locality.

More than just foods

Your CATALOG offers virtually everything you need for a total organic environment. "Natural" cleaners–without harmful chemicals and phosphates. Bio-degradable paper-towels, containers, waxes and polishes–that perform without polluting. Youth-giving cosmetics–so nutritious you can even eat them. Also: non-poisonous insect repellents, non-deprivational light-bulbs, home tap-water purifiers (so you won't have to buy bottled water), organic toothpaste and baby products, appliances such as blenders, juice extractors, yogurt makers, seed sprouters, and much more.

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Also free

The EFS Newsletter (regularly $3.50 a year) will keep you alert to what is happening in, and to, your environment. And what you can do about it now. Frank reports name names, tell you which companies are culprits, what commercial products are (relatively) safe, which supermarket items to buy–and beware of. You will learn to read between the lines of pending legislation–and phoney product labels. How to put the latest facts about diets, drugs, pollution and population to work in *your* neighborhood–for *your* family.

You will also benefit from the Society's continuing guide to organic living: How to choose healthful foods and a well-balanced diet (low in contaminants, high in survival). Which commercial foods are (barely) tolerable if no organic substitute is available–*with a complete listing by brand names.* What the so-called "popular" foods *really* contain (in plain, frightening English). And how to neutralize them, if possible.

Plus terse abstracts of vital government reports. Names of people and agencies to write to (or scream at) for information and action NOW. And counseling for every diet from kosher, vegetarian and macrobiotic to salt-free, weight-loss, high-protein and low-cholesterol.

Don't just hope things get better –help us make them better.

Ask yourself these disquieting questions. Who really cares (and in whose *interest* is it to care) about the quality of your environment? And the safety of your family's diet? What has the government done? What has private industry done? There is, in the last analysis, only you. And the thousands like you who are aware–and concerned –enough to get behind EFS now. *While there is still time.* Please mail the application on this page today. Putting it off for tomorrow could mean there might be no tomorrow.

The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY
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Yes, please enroll me in The EFS. Membership does not obligate me to buy anything. But it does entitle me to receive (1) a free copy of THE COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS, (2) a free subscription (regularly $3.50 a year) to The EFS Newsletter, (3) the Society's continuing guide to organic living, and (4) the privilege of ordering as much or as little as I desire from the COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG at member prices. Naturally, anything I order through the Society must satisfy me fully, or I may return it for a prompt refund. Enclosed is my one-year membership fee of only $5 to help defray the cost of the above benefits, and support the work of EFS in restoring our environment by bringing more land and livestock under organic cultivation. I am free to cancel membership simply by returning my membership materials within 30 days and you will refund my $5 in full.

☐ Yes, also include my free supply of BASIC-H, mine to keep whether I remain a member or not.

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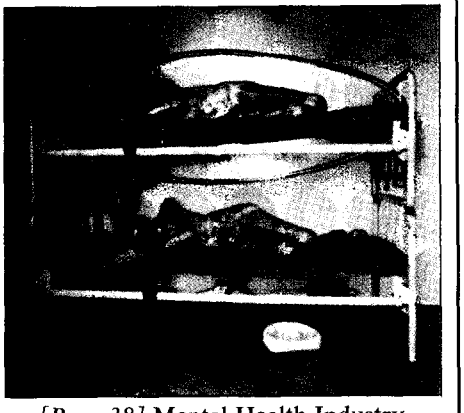
[Page 26] Victory in Vietnam?

[Page 35] The U.S. in Micronesia



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Indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature

Back volumes available from University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan

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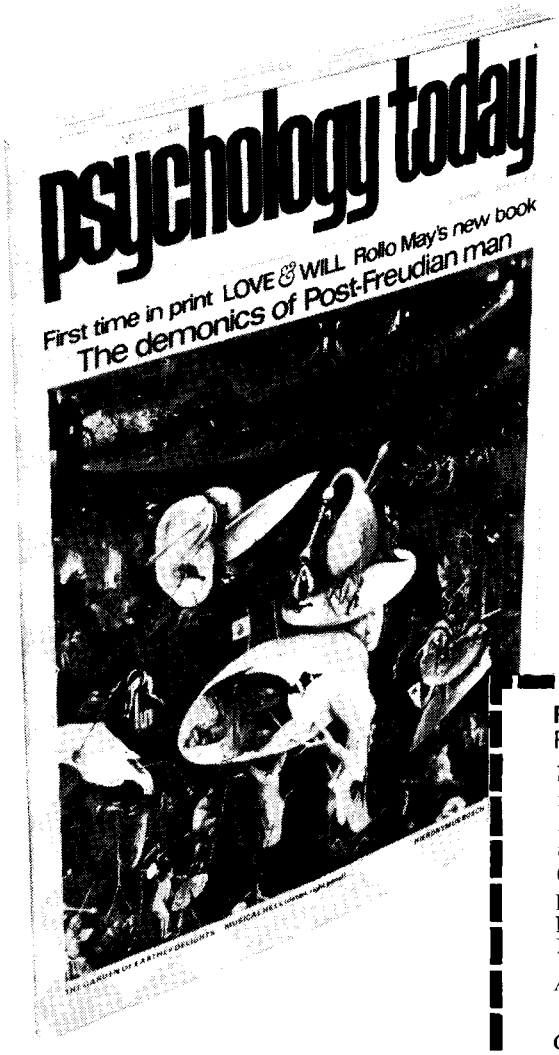

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The Mentally Retarded Child
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Who Will Help in a Crisis?
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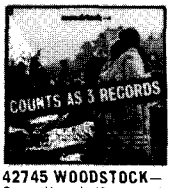


42745 WOODSTOCK—Soundtrack (3 records) **Cotil** LP

65784 MELANIE—Leftover Wine **Budda** LP, 8TR, CASS

67509 GRASSROOTS More Golden Grass **Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS

33469 BEST OF BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD **Atco** LP, 8TR, CASS

33088 MOZART—Piano Quartets **Vangu** LP

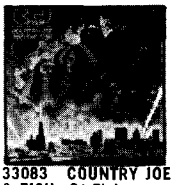
30628 JACKSON 5 Third Album **Motow** LP, 8TR, CASS

67511 STEPPENWOLF—7 **Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS

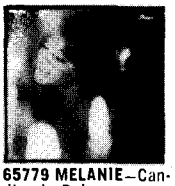
44753 TRAFFIC—John Barleycorn Must Die **UniAr** LP, 8TR, CASS

30622 TEMPTATIONS Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 **Gordy** LP, 8TR, CASS

12286 DUSCHENES RECORDER QUARTET **Baroq** LP



33083 COUNTRY JOE & FISH—CJ Fish **Vangu** LP, 8TR, CASS



65779 MELANIE—Candles In Rain **Budda** LP, 8TR, CASS

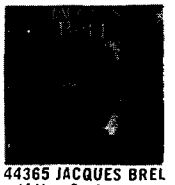
66703 CURTIS MAYFIELD—Curtis **Curto** LP, 8TR, CASS

38358 VIKKI CARR—Nashville By Carr **Liber** LP, 8TR, CASS

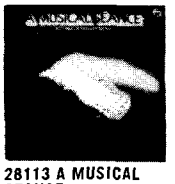
33077 JOAN BAEZ—One Day at a Time **Vangu** LP, 8TR, CASS

42693 KING CRIMSON **Atlan** LP, 8TR, CASS

17263 GREGORIAN CHANT **Phili** LP



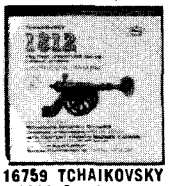
44365 JACQUES BREL—If You Go Away **Phili** LP



28113 A MUSICAL SEANCE **Phili** LP, 8TR, CASS

39089 5TH DIMENSION—Greatest Hits **SouCi** LP, 8TR, CASS

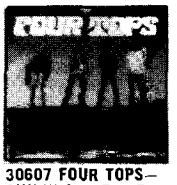
12121 3 CENTURIES OF MILITARY MUSIC **Pirou** LP, 8TR, CASS



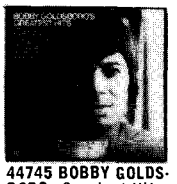
16759 TCHAIKOVSKY—*1812 Overture* **Mercu** LP, 8TR, CASS

17317 CASALS—Plays Beethoven **Phil** LP

42673 LED ZEPPLIN II **Atlan** LP, 8TR, CASS



30607 FOUR TOPS—*Still Waters Run Deep* **Motow** LP,8TR,CASS

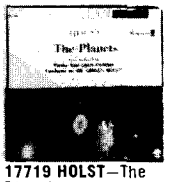


44745 BOBBY GOLDSBORO—Greatest Hits **UniAr** LP, 8TR, CASS

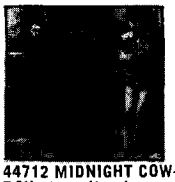
38364 CANNED HEAT—Future Blues **Liber** LP, 8TR, CASS

42765 ROBERTA FLACK—Chapter Two **Atlan** LP, 8TR, CASS

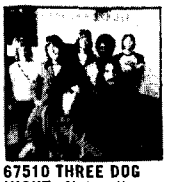
38367 SUGARLOAF **Liber** LP, 8TR, CASS



17719 HOLST—The Planets ***MusGu*** LP



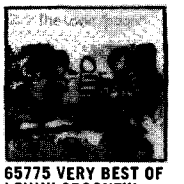
44712 MIDNIGHT COWBOY—Soundtrack ***UniAr*** LP, 8TR, CASS



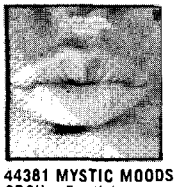
67510 THREE DOG NIGHT—Naturally ***Dunhi*** LP, 8TR, CASS

39071 5TH DIMENSION—Age of Aquarius ***SouCi*** LP, 8TR, CASS

44378 PAUL MAURIAT—Gone Is Love **Phili** LP, 8TR, CASS

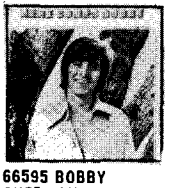


65775 VERY BEST OF LOVIN' SPOONFUL **KamSu** LP, 8TR, CASS



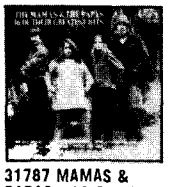
44381 MYSTIC MOODS ORCH.—English Muffins **Phili** LP, 8TR, CASS

30618 DIANA ROSS **Motow** LP, 8TR, CASS



66595 BOBBY SHERMAN—Here Comes Bobby **Metro** LP, 8TR, CASS

17008 HANDEL—Messiah (3 records) **Phili** LP



31787 MAMAS & PAPAS —16 Greatest Hits **Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS

31979 JOHN COLTRANE—Transition **Impul** LP

66671 RARE EARTH—Ecology **RarEa** LP, 8TR, CASS

44758 FERRANTE & TEICHER—Love Is A Soft Touch **UniAr** LP, 8TR, CASS

42770 IRON BUTTERFLY—Metamorphosis **Atco** LP, 8TR, CASS

42704 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG—Deja Vu **Atlan** LP, 8TR, CASS

38359 IKE & TINA TURNER—Come Together **Liber** LP, 8TR, CASS

44728 FERRANTE & TEICHER—Play Midnight Cowboy **UniAr** LP, 8TR, CASS

43860 ERROLL GARNER—Feeling Is Believing **Mercu** LP,8TR,CASS

48794 BEVERLY SILLS—Sings Mozart & Strauss **ABC** LP

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Hard Times

WAR CRIMES

Many Americans want to believe My Lai was a fluke. In recent months, however, more than 100 Vietnam veterans made public their own eye-witness accounts of crimes. Their statements were collected by the National Committee for a Citizens' Commission of Inquiry on US War Crimes in Vietnam, which recently brought together the men for a hearing in Washington. Their statements suggest that the official policy of the US high command in Vietnam is genocide. Some of the testimony, edited by Frances Lang, follows:

Bob Anderson, Sgt., Infantry, Americal Division: As we moved into the village the old Vietnamese village chief came forward to find out what the American soldiers were doing in his village, what it was that we wanted. The platoon leader moved forward, gestured to the village chief with his weapon, and attempted to talk to him in English. It was quite evident to all the members of the platoon that the village chief did not speak English, did not understand what the platoon leader was trying to say to him and could only respond in Vietnamese. The platoon leader was repeatedly asking the village chief about the presence of NVA soldiers or Viet Cong in the area.... The village chief was bowing and attempting to answer in Vietnamese and communicate the fact that he didn't speak any English. While this was going on there were children playing in the area. There were people gathered around from the village in the entrances of their hootches watching the proceedings. The platoon was more or less at rest....Without any particular reason . . . a young Vietnamese boy, maybe 10 years of age, went running off across the village. The platoon leader...shouted at the boy in English, telling him to halt. He said this twice very rapidly, and the boy continued to run. He raised his M16 and shot the boy through the chest, killing him instantly....We had no evidence beforehand or later that the village was VC.

Peter Martinson, former Sp/5 POW interrogator, 101st Airborne: The interrogators' bible...is called Military Intelligence Interrogation.... It's classified "Confidential" by the Army [because it contains techniques which it is illegal to use on prisoners]. There's an interrogation technique in there called the Big Brother technique. The Big Brother technique is very simple. It's practiced by the police here in our country too. A big man enters the room, sees the prisoner, perhaps throws him up against the wall, beats him up a little bit. A little man comes in, he's obviously of a higher rank, and he berates the big man and sends him out of the room and the [interogee] of course out of gratitude talks....One night particularly sticks in my mind as the first night that I really got involved in torture techniques myself. I was interrogating an older man. He was sitting in the chair ...across the table from me, and there was a lieutenant standing behind me screaming at me to break the man...so I pushed him over backwards. I almost broke his neck. Anyway, that didn't succeed in breaking the man. I finished that interrogation. I walked across our compound to another tent where an interrogation was going on, a man of draftable age, no ID card, we were quite convinced he was a VC. I proceeded to beat him with my fist, and you can beat a man senseless with your fist and not leave marks except for a slight reddening of the skin perhaps. This went on for some time, I wasn't getting any effect at all. A lieutenant came in and he proceeded to beat the man to no effect. Then he wired electrical field phone wires around the man's left wrist and proceeded to ring him up, as the term goes. The lieutenant pulled down the man's trousers and proceeded to attach

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DREAMWEAPON

Portfolio Issue

FREE

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(Reg. Price $4 U.S.A., £1-14s Gt. Britain, ¥1440 Japan)

ASPEN'S DREAMWEAPON PORTFOLIO
(Collector's Edition)

Contents

- LP record (2 sides)
- 12-section fold-out (648 sq. inches)
- 61-Photo Poster Montage (3 phases, 792 sq. inches)
- "Musical Dream"
- 16-page "Westerns" Photo Portfolio
- 17-inch vertical fold-out
- 2-foot Mayan Glyph triptych
- Vertical GOERALEGAN diptych (illuminated)
- 36 postage stamp/slides, color (perforated)
- Mandala music score (8⅝ inches, 40 "bars")
- 26-inch triptych of hand-crafted grotesques
- Portfolio of Fluorescent Paintings
- Calligraphy Booklet (uncut) w/text
- 4-foot "frieze" of Universal Mutant Photos

Physical Dimensions

- Width: 9½ in.
- Length: 12½ in.
- Height: 1 inch
- Interior: 118.25 cu. in.
- Media Formats: 10
- Total Items: 14
- Price: $4 U.S.A., £1-14s Gt. Britain, Y1440 Japan

Contributors

- Angus MacLise
- Diane Rochlin
- Marian Zazeela
- La Monte Young
- Ira Cohen
- Bill Devore
- Don Snyder
- Terry Riley
- Gerard Malanga
- John Cale
- Paoli Lionni
- Mikki Grand
- Harvey Cohen
- Lionel Ziprin
- Tom Carroll
- Dale Wilbourne
- Benno Friedman
- Aymon de Sales
- Christopher Tree
- Hetty MacLise

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- LP record side 1: Christopher Tree's *Spontaneous Sound*. Incredible *ad libitum* performance *by one man* on 150 exotic instruments: drums, gongs, flutes, reeds, Tibetan temple horn, etc.
- LP record side 2: "The Joyous Lake." Fantasmagorical (and previously unexplored) combinations of rock, electronic and environmental sound.
- "Chronicle of the Knowers," sensuous gallery of Fluorescent Paintings by Hetty MacLise, erstwhile *Zeitgeist* of the San Francisco Oracle.
- Illuminated triptych (opens to 2.16 feet) of Mayan musical scores and glyphs by Aymon de Sales.
- "Ikons of a 20th Century Nature Priestess," Diane Rochlin's pungent 792-sq.-inch (3-phase) photomontage created on farm near Positano, Italy.
- "Soul of the World," intricate Calligraphy Booklet printed in Japan (opens to ⅔-yard, uncut tops) by light/sound sculptress Marian Zazeela.
- 8⅝-inch poetic exposition of "Dream Music" by La Monte Young, one of America's most adventurous composers.
- A disquieting 4-foot "frieze" of Universal Mutant Photographs (in color) by Ira Cohen.

SOME ASPEN CONTRIBUTORS

Lionel Trilling
Peanuts Hucko
Maysles Brothers
Jean Renoir
Dr. Karl Menninger
Andy Warhol
Willem de Kooning
Timothy Leary
Marshall McLuhan
John Cage
Cockroach
Alain Robbe-Grillet
Susan Sontag
Samuel Beckett
William Burroughs
Moholy-Nagy
Marcel Duchamp
Confucius, Guatama Buddha, and numerous Zen priests (names on request)
Buckminster Fuller
and many more

- A vertical diptych of the Illuminated Magics of GOERALEGAN (*al neis purnaakò eibelis teolknenen)* suitable for framing.
- 36 psychedelic nudes projected as full color postage stamps by Don Snyder, mixed media alchemist.
- Mandala music score by virtuoso Terry Riley.
- 12-section (648 sq. inches—please unfold carefully!) photo-poetry poster by Gerard Malanga, Byronesque film-maker/poet in leathers; John Cale, high priest of Rhapsodic Cynicism; Paoli Lionni, *et alii*.
- 17-inch vertical fold-out of opening 24 pages from "Sentential Metaphrastic," an 1100-page work-in-progress by Lionel Ziprin of the East 7th St. labyrinth.
- 16-page portfolio of chemically stained classic Western movie frames by Benno Friedman.

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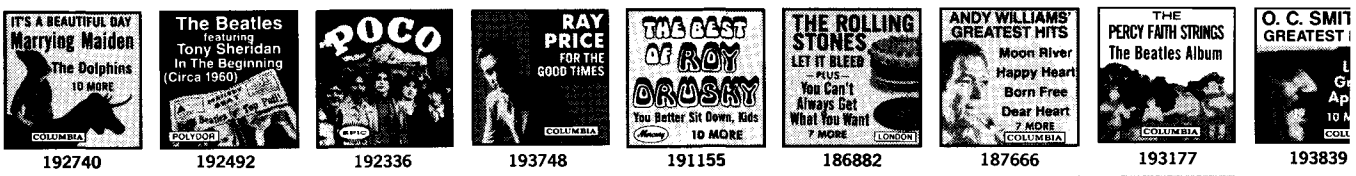

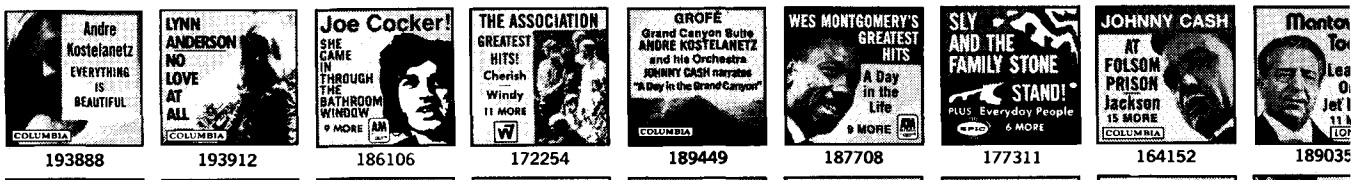

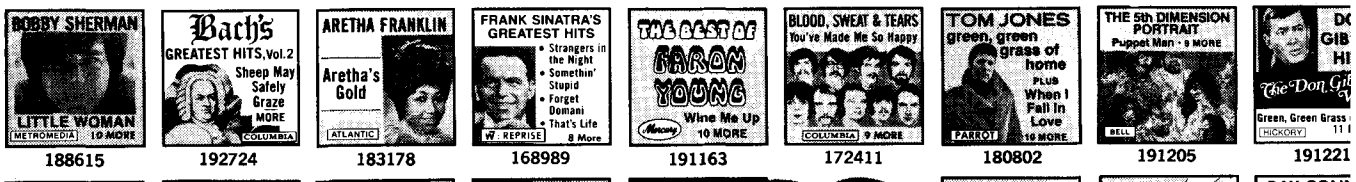

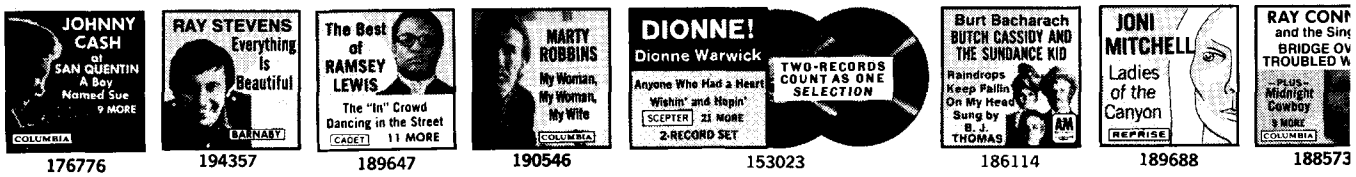

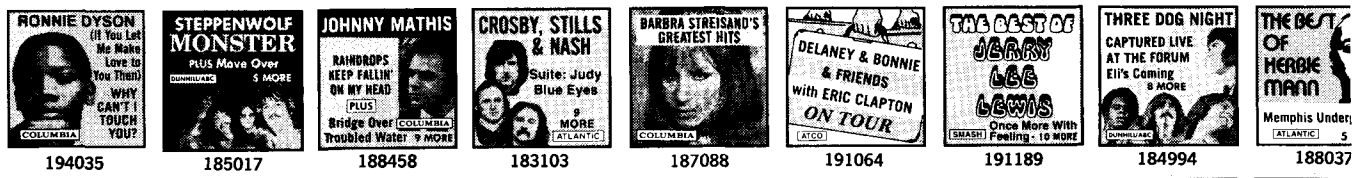

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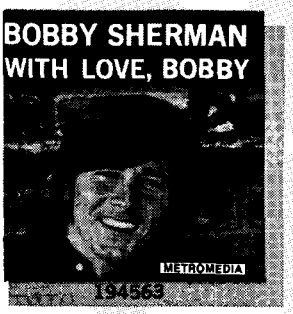

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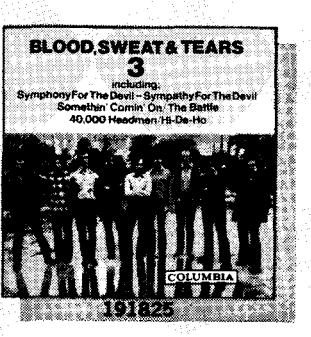

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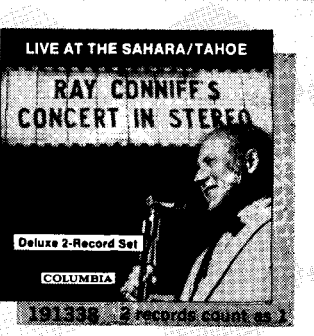

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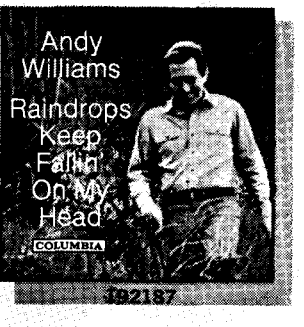

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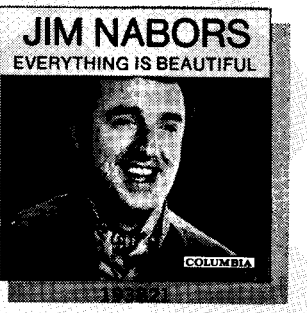

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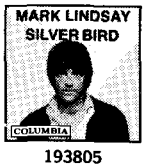

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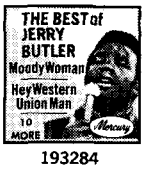

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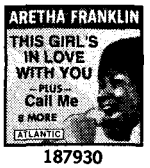

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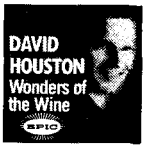

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☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss.....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....

State..... Zip.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check One) ☐ YES.. ☐ NO
APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer

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the electrical wires to the man's genitals, cranking the field telephone at the same time, giving very painful shocks. All he got was I don't knows, and some very violent screams. I walked out of the tent saying, Lieutenant, you can't do that. The lieutenant was not reprimanded. This was a first lieutenant....One man who was captured, admitted to being a North Vietnamese Army officer. ...I started to interrogate him....A Spec [Specialist] 6 and an interrogation officer relieved me, I went out...and came back and I found the man's hands had been tied to an army field table ...with field telephone wires, and the lieutenant was placing bamboo splinters under the man's finger nails. At the same time the Spec 6 was ringing him up, around his ears with a field telephone.

Michael Uhl, former lst Lt., Counter Intelligence Officer, Chief, lst Military Intelligence Team, llth Brigade, Americal Division: [I witnessed] systematic use of beatings and electrical torture...brutalization of Vietnamese noncombatants, detainees, by US troops and military intelligence personnel...frequent use of electrical torture using the TA 312 field telephone. . . . The wires coming from the telephone were attached to sensitive parts of the detainee's body. I witnessed personally the use on fingers...also on ears. In one case I saw a young girl who was detained by the infantry unit, brought into the Brigade base camp, and brought back into a bunker at the Interrogation Center, and she was electrically tortured to the point that she menstruated and fell to the floor....Electrical torture at the llth Brigade base camp was used on a daily basis on people who were generally classified as innocent civilians at the termination of the interrogation....Many of them were also classified as civil defendents....These were people who we were somehow supposed to determine had violated Vietnamese law. None of us were qualified to interpret Vietnamese law, and none of us really spoke the language. However, we were to determine if people were draft dodgers or in other ways violating the law. Many charges were trumped up because of pressure, and many people were classified as civil defendents who would otherwise have been classified as innocent civilians. There was a tremendous competition among the brigades to see who would have the largest number of civil defendents....The reason there was such pressure to classify civil defendents was because we very rarely got bona fide guerrillas or NVA troops, and I'd say no more than a handful of people were classified as possible prisoners of war the entire time I was in Vietnam.

—Photo by John Beitzel

GI, "Calley Brigade," Americal Div., removes gold teeth from recent kill.

Samuel David Rankin, Sp/5, Medic, A Co., 3rd Battalion, 7th Infantry, 199th Light Infantry Brigade: The date of our night ambush was around the middle of July, the 14th maybe, 1969, near a small town named Can Giuoc. It was a typical night ambush; across the river was supposed to be a small Viet Cong unit. The Viet Cong were supposedly crossing the river at night, going into the village and getting supplies. Our company was to ambush the north entry, along the river, to the village. It was nearly dark and we were waiting a little while before moving into final position. I was crouched on a dike whispering to our platoon sergeant and was looking in the direction of the village when an orange flash caught my attention. About one or two seconds later I heard the familiar sound of a small arm automatic weapon firing. No one at this time was certain if the fire had come from within the village or just where. Second platoon ceased fire and through star-lite scopes spotted movement in the area north of the village, and proceeded to fire into that area. I could tell from the tracers that where they were firing was indeed the place where I had seen the muzzle flash. Next some soldiers spotted movement inside the village with their star-lites. All hootches, every one I'd ever been in had an inside bunker and the soldiers presumed them to be non-inhabitants of the village; supposedly the VC unit was trying to get through the village and escape southward. The soldiers started firing into the village because of all the movement. While all this is taking place the company commander calls Battalion asking permission to let the gun ships shoot into the village. The Battalion X.O. gives permission, for which later the Battalion C.O. gets relieved. Now the lst and 2nd platoons are shooting into the village directly in each others' line of fire and each thinking they are getting enemy fire from within the village. The lst platoon lieutenant tells the gun-

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ships to make a few live fire passes from north to south strafing the village with 2.75 MM rockets and mini-gun fire. Now the village is starting to burn and I can see the silhouette of people running around inside the village. The gun ships call up and say they are low and do we need any more passes. The company commander tells them no and they leave. The lst and 2nd platoons have now ceased fire. We all now begin to realize that the only fire lst and 2nd platoons received were ten-fifteen rounds of AK-47 fire from an area completely separated from the main body of the village and were sent to search for any clues that would indicate enemy activity around the village: foot-prints, expended AK rounds and so on. My platoon, with the company commander, went into the village to search for AK rifles, rich caches, etc., that might indicate there indeed had been an enemy force in the village that night. All I or anyone else in my platoon found that day were: destroyed hootches, broken and burned household goods, dead pigs, chickens and if I recall correctly, 23 dead civilians, including young children, women, old men and a few babies, all of them inhabitants of that village. An R.T.O. and I pulled what appeared to be an old man out of some smouldering rubble. He was as black as a burned marshmellow and was so stiff that dragging him was like dragging a stiff plank. We placed all the bodies from the village in one spot and covered them with the corrugated tin that is a familiar sight in Vietnam. The nearby villagers were swarming all over the destroyed hootches, crying and helping move the dead. Except for the walking wounded civilians and dead all that was left in the village were crying people and rubble. The lst and 2nd platoons found nothing whatsoever in the way of enemy activity in the surrounding area. We were told not to mention anything to people till after the investigation was over concerning that night's incidents. The next day a group from our engineer company was sent to the village with lumber, cement, corrugated tin roofing and started rebuilding the village. At our base camp mess hall there was a note asking for donations to help rebuild the village.

T. Griffiths Ellison, 3rd Battalion, 4th Regiment: We operated Operation Chinook One in an area northwest of Quang Tri city in Quang Tri province. The area was called Kobe Tan Tan. . . . We were instructed by our platoon sergeant to dig up every grave we saw. I was personally ordered . . . to dig up two graves near a hootch that we had just burned down, to increase body count. We were a new unit in Vietnam and we had to make our name known, and to make your name known in Vietnam you go for body count."

Phil Wingenbach, Sp/5, Medic, 173rd Airborne and 17th Cav: In February, 1969, it was during Tet, the Tet holidays, their big New Year's holiday, and we were headed from Bao Loc city to an engineer compound about five miles down the road. While we were going through the city, people were celebrating, a lot of people drunk, you know, having a good time, throwing firecrackers off, as they always do during Tet. We were leaving the outskirts of the village, and there were people blowing firecrackers off, and our second Command opened up on the village with a 50 calibre machine gun. As soon as he started firing, everyone else started firing....We opened up on them for about 20-30 seconds as we rode by. After we got past the village we stopped, and we went back. There were people coming out of the hootches screaming and crying, screaming, "No VC, no VC," you know, we're not Viet Cong. We went up to them; there were people laying inside the first four hootches in the village, dead women, children....That was the way 173rd was. They didn't care who they killed as long as they were Vietnamese.... It was whitewashed. All the guys in the platoon got together and said we were fired on....There were no weapons found in the village at all.

—Photo by John Beitzel
Note ear has been hacked off same body for souvenir.

John Beitzel, 11th Brigade, 4th Brigade, 21st Infantry: I was drafted in 1968. I served a year in Vietnam from January of '69 to January of '70....Our battalion commander passed down the word that we weren't getting enough body count. Originally, our missions were just to go out and search the village and come back and that would be the patrol, but after a while, since our body count was so low, we had to go out on patrols all day long, and we had to do a lot more night work, night ambushes, due to the

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low body count....It was a very popular thing to shoot gas grenades at young kids, because they were always the first to hit our hills after we left them....Our commanding officer told us to shoot gas grenades at them, to chase them away or whatever, and once my commanding officer himself shot two bursts of M16 rounds at a group of children.... It was also a general policy to burn villages, especially the ones outside Highway One, because... I was told anyone who wasn't in the refugee villes, in the main villes, was VC or VC sympathizers ...so we generally burned the villes when we went through and killed chickens, animals, or whatever. Anybody moving at night also, no matter where it was, was considered VC and they were shot at; artillery was called in on them. It was also the policy, especially in my unit, to have civilians walk point [lead a patrol] in case there were any booby traps. We always figured they knew where they were, so we had them walk point, and we would just take any civilians and drag them along with us all day long. Another popular thing was throwing grenades into foxholes. That was a general thing....Most of the villages kept bunkers for air attacks, and whenever we went through we would throw grenades into foxholes, and I never really thought anybody was in them until one time someone had a white phospherous grenade and they threw it inside, this was after they threw a couple of hand frags [hand grenades] in, and the white phospherous smoked out this old VC, he was about 60 or 70, and the white phospherous burned up his face and singed his whole body.

[Question:] How did the body count pressure come down?

[Answer:] There was a system of rewards. For a while whoever got the kill got...a case of beer or a case of soda, then after I was there awhile, it got to be a three-day pass.

Kenneth B. Osborne, E/5, 525th MI Group, Area Intelligence Specialist: I was with military intelligence....What I did was recruit agents, what we call indigenous nationals, to go into the boons where they could plausibly fit, to gather information on a prerequested basis....It took me two months to sell my intelligence services to the First Marine Division...when they finally got the point that I was capable of producing information from the indigenous agents that I used they finally started using my services. [My] agent reports...were about 92 percent accurate....[American Marine agents had only 15 percent accuracy in their reports.] With a war of counterinsurgency you need to be sensitive to culture, so what you need to do is trust the natives...We finally got to the point where we were targeting three B52 raids out of five a day off the agent reports that we had....After having distributed to the Marine Corps and the American Army, we had information left over which was not useable by these combat units, and that was information about personalities in the Viet Cong infrastructure....I had agents who were coming and reporting all kinds of good and accurate information about Viet Cong infrastructure and NVA personalities. . . . What do you do with this information? The combat units can't use it. . . . So I looked around for some kind of organization that could use it and I ran into a fellow who was running the CIA operation and who ate at my club in DaNang....He was reputed to be in charge of all the CIA operations....I went to his office and I found the Phoenix program....I found a fellow who was 'the Phoenix coordinator representative'...who told me that he could use this VCI [Viet Cong Infrastructure] information. He had a certain force called the Provisional Reconnaissance Unit [PRU] which could neutralize the Viet Cong infrastructure which existed in the area and which I could report. I started laterally disseminating all these reports to that organization if they included VCI information, and eventually it became an effective process.... I'd have a personal meeting with a principal agent...and I'd simply type it up....We'd take our VCI information to not the combat units but the Phoenix coordinator program....If in fact they could not get specific enough information to eliminate this person or people through the reports that we gave...they'd say...you haven't given us enough specific information so that we'll have to get your sub agent to go with us and identify this person—or somehow work out a positive identification. . . . I would never expose [Phoenix coordinators] to the principal agent. We'd take the Phoenix coordinator people out and introduce them to the Vietnamese counterparts and then transfer them to the subagent who would then be exposed to the PRU people and these were the goon squads....The subagent who knew the guy [to be killed] would identify his house or his wife or child...and they'd wipe out the whole gang, and it was very simple. That was the way the neutralization of Viet Cong infrastructure worked. [Osborne stated that he knew of several Chinese, American and French families who had been killed through Operation Phoenix. He also described how US Intelligence agents threw suspects to their deaths from helicopters.]

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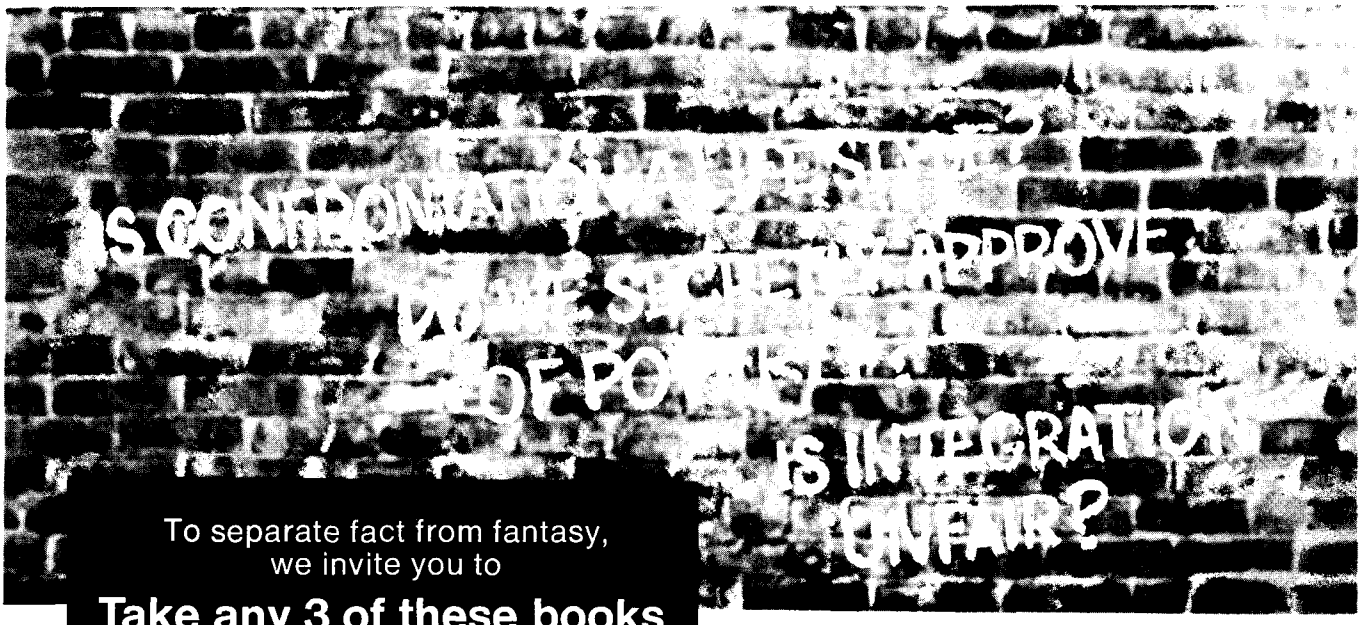

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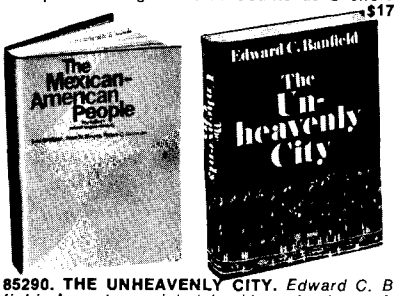

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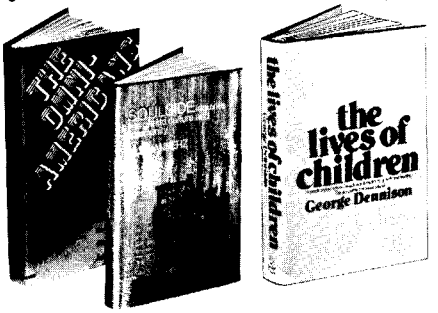

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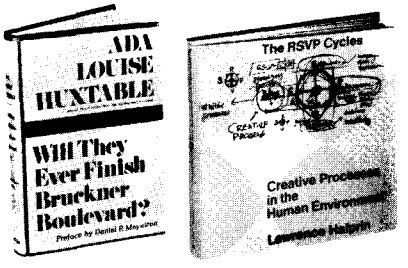
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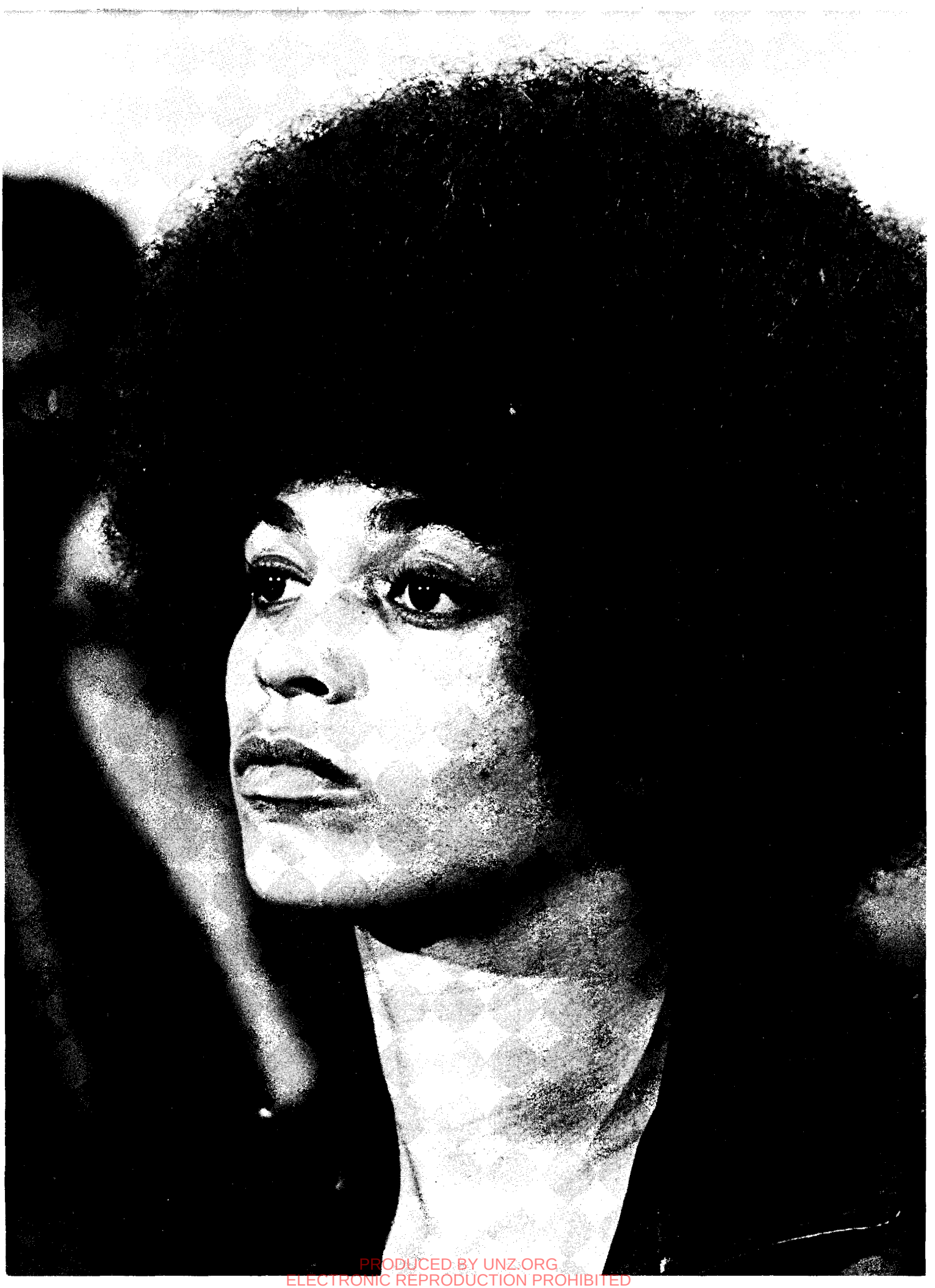

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Angela Davis: A Prison Interview

"The struggle against racism, against all the evils [of] U.S. capitalism, must be carried forth wherever we find ourselves. My role [in prison] is to assist in the creation of another front of struggle."

GREENWICH VILLAGE, with its hodgepodge of small shops, artists' studios, and cafés, has long symbolized alienated American bohemia. Located just a short distance from the corporate nerve centers of Wall Street, the Village has traditionally served as a haven for refugees from middle-class life. But the Village also houses another sub-culture—one not voluntarily withdrawn but brutally isolated from mainstream life. Dominating the Village's main square, its twelve stories of decaying red brick a disquieting intrusion in the splendid bohemian sanctuary, stands the Women's House of Detention.

Screams and shouts of the women prisoners daily pierce the complacency of privileged bohemia. Here and there on the sidewalk are bits of paper bearing messages about conditions in the prison. For years the Village planning board has discussed how to eliminate this "eyesore" from its midst. But if Village residents are upset, the inmates are little short of desperate. Reports of lice, roaches, mice and rats are common. With a diet lacking the barest nutritional essentials, an inmate will now and again find a mouse tail mixed into her evening meal. It is here that Angela Davis, herself a complex combination of alienated intellectual and oppressed black, has been kept since her mid-October arrest.

In the two months between her disappearance and her arrest, Angela Davis was the subject of much speculation as to her whereabouts, plans and thoughts. The speculation assumed fairly galloping proportions when she was finally apprehended. Taken into custody with her was a friend, David Poindexter of Chicago, described by the media as "a mystery man" and indicted on charges of harboring a criminal fugitive. A few days before my interview with Angela, Poindexter spoke with me: "Why am I a mystery man all of a sudden? The FBI has visited me for years and the Chicago police knew me well enough to watch me when Presidents came to Chicago. At least that is what they say. Now, let me say something: I just don't know what criminal they are talking about my harboring. I wasn't seen with Senator Eastland of Mississippi or a Pentagon general. Certainly Angela is no criminal."

He also discussed the period prior to arrest: "J. Edgar Hoover obviously decided to make an example of Angela and unleashed all the forces at his command. To have been stationary would have paralyzed our ability to function. It is not so easy to avoid arrest as some people think, particularly when your picture is on the cover of every magazine in the country, on national television daily, and so on. It must be remembered that we had no preconceived apparatus. The charges against Angela came like a bolt from the blue, so the responsive reaction had to be planned day to day. If there had been a year to anticipate the action of the California pigs, the evasion of arrest might have been more successful. The point is that Angela Davis is innocent; there was no premeditation so there couldn't be a prior apparatus set up."

Poindexter said there were other considerations as well. "Angela had been subject to a year of harassment, and at times physical intimidation. This is important to remember. Then the death of Jonathan Jackson was a deep personal loss. The period of so-called flight was a time put aside to muster strength for the fight ahead. Angela was not about to place herself in the hands of those who vowed to 'get' her. It's amazing how many quarterbacks we have since the arrest; there must be thousands who have offered hindsight 'advice' as if they had themselves built up years of experience. People want to know why we were found at Howard Johnson's. Well, we weren't in the ghetto because the search was concentrated in ghettoes all across the country. We know that hundreds of black women resembling Angela were picked up. Others may learn and profit from the lessons of our experience; I don't feel I owe anyone any apologies. People who want to know why we were in Howard Johnson's should ask themselves what *they* were doing at that time to free Angela Davis. We did the best we could under difficult circumstances.

"When Angela asked me to help her, I was damned happy to comply. And it must be pointed out that in fact we did evade the dragnet for two months, giving her time to do some work. Those in the 'movement' who are critical of my acts will be judged much more severely than I if they don't now come to Angela's defense. The question should not be why we were caught, but why Angela was charged in the first place with being a 'criminal.' Folks should ask themselves each morning why they hadn't been charged themselves the day before."

Charlene Mitchell, secretary of the Communist Party's Black Liberation Commission and Co-Chairman of the New

(Continued on Page 23)

by Michael Myerson

Photo by Michelle Vignes/Photo File S.F.

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Dear Angela:

I FELT UNEASY WHEN I was asked to introduce the publication of your first two lectures on Frederick Douglass, knowing that "under normal circumstances" you would not have authorized their publication in the form in which they were delivered, and recognizing that they dealt with a world to which I am still an outsider—could I say anything about it in an authentic manner? And lastly, you were my student in philosophy, and I taught philosophy; your thesis was to be on a problem in Kant: what does your life for the liberation of the black people, what does your present plight, have to do with the philosophy of German Idealism?

Then, however, I took out the prospectus you wrote for your thesis, and I read the following sentence: "The notion (in Kant) that force provides the link between the theory and practice leads back to Rousseau. . . ." So there is a link, an internal link between the theory and practice, between the concept and the reality (or rather realization) of freedom? And I remember that I criticized Sartre's notion of a freedom which is truly inalienable and can be practiced even in prison, even in a concentration camp—namely, the freedom to refuse submission, the freedom to reject the false identity which the masters impose on their slaves. I criticized this notion because it seemed to me that the free choice between slavery and death or life imprisonment is *not* freedom, that it makes a mockery of human freedom. And now I read in your lecture how, one day, "Frederick Douglass gathers the courage to resist the slave-breaker to whom he is sent for domestication, for taming, the slave-breaker who is infinitely more brutal than any of his previous masters. . . ." Frederick Douglass one day hits back, he fights the slave-breaker with all his force, and—the slave-breaker does not hit back, he stands trembling; he calls other slaves to help, and they refuse. The abstract philosophical concept of a freedom which can never be taken away suddenly comes to life and reveals its very concrete truth: freedom is not only the goal of liberation, it *begins* with liberation; it is there to be "practiced." This, I confess, I learned from you! Strange? I don't think so.

There is more to it. Years ago, we had a seminar on Hegel. We read, among other texts, the famous chapter on the dialectic of Master and Slave in the *Phenomenology of Mind*. It ends with the recognition of the Master's dependence on the Slave, which outweighs the Slave's dependence on the Master. In your lecture, you discuss the *Phenomenology* and Hegel's philosophical analysis comes to life in the struggle in which the black slave establishes *his own* identity and thereby destroys the violent power of the master.

People ask me again and again to explain how you, a highly intelligent, sensitive young woman, an excellent student and teacher, how you became involved in the violent events at San Rafael. I do not know whether you were involved at all in these tragic events, but I do know that you were deeply involved in the fight for black people, for the oppressed everywhere, and that you could not limit your work for them to the classroom and to writing. And I think that there is an inner logic in your development and in the development of things—a logic which is not so difficult to understand. The world in which you grew up, *your* world (which is not mine), was one of cruelty, misery and persecution. To recognize these facts did not require much intelligence and sophistication, but to realize that they could be changed and must be changed required thinking, critical thinking: knowledge of how these conditions came about, which forces perpetuated them, and of the possibilities of freedom and justice. This, I believe, you learned in your years of study. And you learned something else—namely that almost all the celebrated figures of Western civilization—the very civilization which enslaved your people—were in the last analysis concerned with one thing: human freedom. Like any good student, you took seriously what they said, and you thought seriously about it, and why a this had remained mere talk for the vast majority of men and women. So you felt that the philosophical idea, unless it was a lie, must be translated into reality: that it contained a moral imperative to leave the classroom, the campus, and to go and help the others, your own people to whom you still belong—in spite of (or perhaps because of) your success within the white Establishment.

But you fought for us, too, who need freedom and who want freedom for all who are still unfree. In this sense, your cause is our cause.

from Herbert Marcuse

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(Continued from Page 21)
York Committee to Free Angela Davis, spoke to me about some of the ideological difficulties confronting the Free Angela movement. "There are some who view Angela's Communist Party membership as a barrier to their support for her. They don't see that Nixon and Reagan don't care whether anti-communism originates from the left or the right, as long as it continues to divide the people. They don't care how they murder Angela, as long as she is murdered. Our job is to save her life, to free her. Anything which blocks that must be rejected.

"Another aspect of this problem is that anti-communism comes mainly from white people. There is a certain racist arrogance which tries to determine who is really 'black' and what politics black people are 'allowed' to have. It has a condescending stereotype of the 'angry militant' whom it will vicariously applaud as she is nailed to the cross. But it will not 'allow' that anger and militance in the form of a Communist revolutionary."

ON A COLD AFTERNOON on the last day of November, I joined the visitors' line outside the Women's House of Detention. It is the custom for friends and relatives of inmates to begin lining up outside the jail each weekday afternoon around 4:30, since inmates are allowed only one visitor per weekday and the visits are limited to half an hour. Moreover, only 20 visitors are allowed in during a shift, and there are usually only two shifts a night. Thus, most of the several hundred inmates go without visitors.

In the first crush outside I found myself to be the only non–Puerto Rican white. Inquiries showed this distribution to be representative of the inmate population. We waited in the November night for an hour and a half before the first of us were allowed inside. One woman complained of a night the week before when the line was kept waiting for three and a half hours in sub-freezing temperature. Others nodded; they too had been present that night. When the crowd learned that I was there to see Angela Davis, they asked that I convey their support for her. One middle-aged black woman, a nurse, said, "We've got to get her out or, the way things are going, we'll all be inside those bars."

Coming into the House of Detention from the cold, we waited another hour in the barred corridor before we were called. A week earlier Angela had answered a number of questions I'd given her; this visit was really just to say hello and clarify a few points in the interview. When we were finally summoned, we were brought to a row of telephones alongside 12x20 shattered-glass windows. There were no seats, and the phones were not enclosed, so I had to shout into the barely audible phone to make myself heard over the din of 20 other voices talking in Spanish and English. Angela was even thinner than usual, the after-effect of her 14-day hunger strike to protest her earlier solitary confinement. Her spirits were high, however, and she was anxious to discuss her case, the media's treatment of her, and the possible approaches to legal defense. In the interview that follows, Angela responds to a series of questions I asked her either by note or in person.

What do you think of the press coverage of your case?
Under the guise of securing justice and keeping the peace, Nixon, Reagan and J. Edgar Hoover chose me as one of the most recent targets of their repression. The charges, supported by not a thread of evidence, were concocted to make one more black revolutionary woman extinct. The press vigorously conspired to set the stage in advance for my conviction by continually basing their articles on the presumption of my guilt. Consequently, the press approved, justified and helped to instigate the vicious manhunt. The nature of the publicity around my case seeks to guarantee a victory for Reagan. Only the most massive popular campaign can force upon the authorities the securing of justice and freedom. Nothing less can combat the Nixons and Reagans.

The media did not confine their misrepresentations to continual allegations of my culpability. They misconstrued my present condition as the personal tragedy of a black woman who has simply misused all the traditional American opportunities presented to her throughout her life. Much journalistic labor was expended to forge an enigmatic image geared to create the impression that my revolutionary commitment is simply the product of a confused mind. Of course the press consistently fails to discuss the nature of my political beliefs and activities. They fail to mention that it has almost become a crime to advocate and fight for the freedom of black people, Chicanos and Puerto Ricans, for the true liberation of women, and against the exploitation of working people, black and white. It has become a crime to unveil the true purpose of our prison system—virtual concentration camps for those who resist the unequal distribution of wealth.

How do you view the nature of your defense campaign?
The dominant theme of political defense, both in and out of the courtroom, must be the general bankruptcy of our so-called "democracy," particularly with respect to the judicial system itself. Evidence of this breakdown is the overt use of the courts to suppress organized resistance.

I have been charged with murder, kidnapping and conspiracy, the first two charges carrying the death penalty. In reality, the charge is that of organizing and agitating among black people in order to strengthen our revolutionary movement to end the exploitation and racism. We have not yet entered the stage of fascism. The government has not yet assigned to the courts the arbitrary authority to imprison us indefinitely or put us to death under the charge of revolutionary activity, as in South Africa, Greece and other fascist countries. But the so-called anti-crime legislation proposed by Nixon points increasingly in that direction. While this shouldn't be underestimated, the government needs to maintain a semblance of democracy. Thus, one of the major repressive tactics will continue to consist of leveling trumped-up criminal charges against us revolutionaries.

We owe a great deal to Charles Garry, the people's lawyer, for breaking ground with respect to politically challenging the Establishment within the courtroom, to taking the offensive stance of placing the court on trial. The legal struggle is part of the wider political struggle. We must not be lured into submitting to the court's definition of political trials as criminal trials. Each case is organically linked to those which precede it and those which follow. Each victory must be a political victory and must be gauged according to the degree to which the system has been weakened.

I realize that my life is at stake. While I harbor absolutely

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no desire to be transformed into a dead martyr or one sentenced to life imprisonment, I nonetheless adhere to a principled position: The defense must expose, with a maximum degree of efficacy, the repressive function of the courts and their adjuncts, the prisons, as well as the system which they serve.

Numbers are important to any successful defense campaign. The demand to free all political prisoners must burst out of a movement encompassing the broad masses of people. Although quantity is of paramount importance, alone it is insufficient. The political content of a defense movement must be crystal clear at all times. In this context, I would insist that the rallying cry of the campaign not be limited to "Free Angela Davis." Everybody participating must realize that I cannot be truly free as long as there exists another political prisoner. And, in turn, political prisoners will not know freedom until the last starving black child in Mississippi is assured nourishment, clothing and shelter.

The structure of the defense effort must be reflective of its aims. A movement must be built which, even if I am released tomorrow, can continue until the very fabric of America has been thoroughly and radically altered—which means, of course, revolutionary change.

As a revolutionary under indictment, and seeing the need for mass support in your defense—which by necessity will include non-revolutionaries—how do you see the relationship between the revolutionary and the masses? What are their mutual responsibilities?

The contention that the first duty of the revolutionary is to make revolution remains vacuous and abstract unless we are emphatic in defining revolutionary struggle as that which meets the needs of the people. It may sometimes proceed imperceptibly and at other times in leaps and bounds. Once the organic substance of the revolutionary struggle is clarified as the people's needs, desires, dreams, then the role of the revolutionary vis-à-vis the people ought to be equally transparent. The true revolutionary is always with the people, leading the people, and perhaps most important, constantly accepting leadership from the people. For the people know what their grievances are, and the sole purpose of waging the revolution is to obliterate the source of the people's problems.

The cadre becomes an instrument to aid the masses in grasping the nature of their oppression, through concrete struggles around issues which immediately affect the masses: unfit housing, bad schools, bad sanitary conditions, police brutality. The cadre assists the people in articulating their problems and in organizing vehicles for striving toward their resolution. Eventually the dynamic of these struggles will lead the people to realize that only a complete and total seizure of power can set the stage for the end of their oppression.

Once the dialectical nature of the relationship between the revolutionary and the people is clear to both, then each has the responsibility to protect and defend the other. The revolutionary gives his life to the people. The people defend the revolutionary from the government's repressive apparatus in order to safeguard their own struggle, their own future.

The people are coming to the aid of the Soledad Brothers because they sacrificed their material freedom in order to reveal to the inmates of California's prisons the wrongs and injustices of the prison system, which is a microcosm of the wrongs and injustices of American capitalism. The people are rallying to the defense of Bobby Seale and Erika Huggins because they are the prototypes of Black America, courageous and unafraid, rising up with the cry for freedom. Large numbers of people are involving themselves in my defense because they realize that the sole reason for the charges against me is the insane fear felt by the government when confronted with individuals who have committed their lives, their faculties and their resources to secure the people's freedom.

Political prisoners are not martyrs, and they must not be seen as heroines and heroes to be sacrificed for the cause. Primarily, we are organizers; therefore, in order to insure that the basic liberty to assemble and organize to fight around real grievances is safeguarded, it is imperative that we struggle to release political prisoners, and to see that struggle is intrinsically bound up with any and every people's struggle.

In light of your experience in campaigns to free other political prisoners, can you comment on your own experience as a political prisoner?

Jails and prisons across the country are increasingly becoming centers of social upheaval. Brothers and sisters behind these walls are realizing that the selfsame forces which are bent on crushing them because of their so-called criminal activity engendered the necessity to resort to 'criminal activity' in the first place. They begin to see that their problems are common grievances, rather than individual ones—that, for instance, they have been driven to expropriate the property of others, not because as individuals they are incapable of eking out an existence in any other fashion, but rather because the unequal distribution of wealth in a capitalist society necessarily gives birth to groups of people who are condemned to be without the necessities of life.

Black, Puerto Rican and Chicano sisters and brothers especially are moving towards such a collective consciousness. Sisters and brothers are becoming cognizant of the fact that jails and prisons are concentration camps for the poor.

In view of the prolonged pre-trial imprisonment I expect, I can only follow the example of the Soledad Brothers. The struggle against racism, against all the evils engendered by U.S. capitalism, must be carried forth wherever we find ourselves. My role, at present, is to assist in the creation of another front of struggle.

* * *

The light flashed the signal to file out of the visitors' corridor. The guard approached to hustle us away, but we hung on till the last possible moment. Finally, Angela smiled her shy smile of good-bye. Clenched fist raised, she said softly, "Power," and left to return to her cell.

Contributions to the National United Committee to Free Angela Davis should be sent to 3450 West 43rd Street, Suite 104, Los Angeles, California 90008.

Michael Myerson is the author of These are the Good Old Days: Coming of Age as a Radical in America's Late Late Years, *published by Grossman.*

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Vietnam: How Nixon Plans to Win the War

FOR SEVERAL MONTHS NOW the war in Indochina has been in a cryptic phase. On the one hand, there is no apparent slackening in the Nixon Administration's determination to "win" in Vietnam; on the other, in the cities of Vietnam the most important peace push in years has gathered strength, with the forbearance—perhaps even the blessing—of White House strategists.

On September 21, a rich landowner and prominent anti-Communist member of the South Vietnamese Assembly, Ngo Cong Duc, made a dramatic proposal for peace which has become the central document of the new peace coalition. The basic demands of the vast majority of the Vietnamese people, said Duc, are "the withdrawal of all American and foreign troops from South Vietnam . . . [and] an immediate cessation of the war, in order to permit the Vietnamese to work out their problems themselves." Duc emphasized that his supporters were opposed to the "communization" of South Vietnam but were willing to take their chances with the Communists rather than allow their country to be obliterated by an endless war. Duc called for the Paris peace talks to include a delegation of non-Communist forces, with the idea that the enlarged conference could establish a neutralist government in South Vietnam which could hold free elections. (In Saigon, Duc's proposal was publicly acclaimed by his active supporters—the Buddhist movement, the students and faculty of the universities, the war victims, the women's movement, even moderate Catholics.)

One of the most intriguing developments of the new political situation is that these peace forces appear to be coalescing for the first time around former General Duong Van Minh ("Big Minh"), who in 1963, apparently as the CIA's protegé, overthrew Diem in the first generals' coup. Minh recently announced his candidacy for the 1971 elections, while Thieu has indicated that he will not run again. Even more intriguing is that the Duc proposal and Minh's candidacy seem to have the tacit approval of the NLF and the DRV, while in the U.S. the Duc statement has been praised by Rennie Davis of the Chicago Conspiracy as "the way to end the war."

This unusual convergence of forces in part reflects a transitional stage in the struggle, a jockeying for positions in anticipation of the next phase. Evidently the NLF is confident of its political strength for any contest in which the contenders are Vietnamese, with the U.S. troops and B-52s reasonably withdrawn from the scene. But what can explain the Nixon Administration's own willingness to encourage such developments, particularly when there is no evidence that there has been any abandonment in Washington of the

by Banning Garrett

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resolve not to preside over a defeat in Vietnam?

An answer—with ominous implications—can be found in the strategy for the war previously articulated by the Strangeloves of the Nixon Administration, grouped around the President's chief foreign policy advisor, Henry A. Kissinger. In the light in which these men see the conflict, any "peace" moves look rather like the expectant lull before an even more terrible storm.

As the Nixon administration assumed office in January 1969, an article by Kissinger appeared in the house organ of the foreign policy establishment, *Foreign Affairs*, reviewing the previous Kennedy-Johnson record in Vietnam. Kissinger argued that the Johnson military strategy had been fundamentally in error because it had not recognized that guerrilla war differs from traditional war in that "its key prize is not control of territory but control of the population."

Washington's incorrect strategy of "opting for a military victory through attrition" led to "dual control" in the villages: the U.S. and Saigon forces could control the rural areas by day, but the NLF had control during the night (which is Kissinger's way of saying that the NLF had the support of the people, and Saigon did not).

"Hanoi's strength," wrote Kissinger, "is that it is fighting among its own people in familiar territory. . . . Not surprisingly, Hanoi has shown superior grasp of the local situation and a greater capacity to design military operations for political ends." But Hanoi's "superior planning can substitute for material resources only up to a point." In fact, "We are so powerful that Hanoi is simply unable to defeat us militarily." And, "Since it cannot force our withdrawal, it must negotiate about it." But, "Unfortunately, our military strength has no political corollary; we have been unable so far to create a political structure that could survive military opposition from Hanoi after we withdraw."

The failure to win in the political sphere, the recurring resort to technological solutions—this is the pattern of Washington's imperial war effort in Vietnam. First, military advisors were supplied; then "strategic hamlets" were constructed; then a full-scale invasion was mounted; and when that failed to win the countryside, Washington turned to a nightmare assault of terror and devastation, precipitating a massive exodus of the peasant population to the urban centers. Professor Samuel P. Huntington, a Harvard colleague of Kissinger and important policy advisor, called this flight from terror "forced urbanization," and in it he saw a neat solution to the impasse which Kissinger had described. Huntington noted (also in *Foreign Affairs*) that the proportion of the population under Saigon's (nominal) control had risen dramatically in the three years since the massive American commitment of men and arms in 1965. "This change, however, has been largely, if not exclusively, the result of the movement of the population into the cities rather than the extension of the Government's control into the countryside."

In this pattern of "forced urbanization," the U.S., according to Huntington, has begun to find the answer to people's war. "For ten years the Viet Cong has waged a rural revolution against the Central Government, with the good Maoist expectation that by winning the support of the rural population it could eventually isolate and overwhelm the cities." This type of rural revolution, Huntington observed, had previously been immune to technological warfare. But the Vietnam experience has upstaged Mao: the U.S. is countering the Maoist-inspired rural revolution with the "American-sponsored urban revolution." "For if the 'direct application of mechanical and conventional power' takes place on such a massive scale as to produce a massive migration from countryside to city, the basic assumptions underlying the Maoist doctrine of revolution no longer operate."

The U.S. has transcended Mao, Huntington argues, because societies are susceptible to rural revolution only at certain stages in their development. Thanks to the "American-sponsored urban revolution," (sic) "History . . . may pass the Viet Cong by." The Viet Cong, according to Huntington, have been even less successful in winning support in the cities than has the government in the countryside. Consequently, "In an absent-minded way the United States in Vietnam may well have stumbled upon the answer to 'wars of national liberation.' The effective response lies neither in the quest for conventional military victory nor in the esoteric doctrines and gimmicks of counter-insurgency warfare. It is instead forced-draft urbanization and modernization which rapidly brings the country in question out of the phase in which a rural revolutionary movement can hope to generate sufficient strength to come to power."

As long as forced-draft urbanization continues to drain the countryside, "time in South Vietnam is increasingly on the side of the Government. But in the short run, with half the population still in the countryside, the Viet Cong will remain a powerful force which cannot be dislodged from its constituency so long as the constituency continues to exist." The logic of Huntington's position, as Noam Chomsky has observed, is that "to crush people's war, we must eliminate the people."

This may be the logic, but the intention is slightly different. Although the "modernizing instruments of bombs and artillery" are clearly genocidal in intent and effect, Huntington is more concerned that the surviving population form a potential constituency for the urban-based government, or at least for urban non-Communist opposition parties. Huntington is also aware that the strategy could backfire if the NLF infrastructure were to remain intact or to be recreated in the cities—the U.S. would then have created a Trojan horse. But Huntington fails to acknowledge what Chomsky underscores: the goal of U.S. policy must be the destruction of organized social life in South Vietnam, particularly that of the NLF. This cultural genocide is necessary not only to destroy the NLF remnants in rural areas, but also if the U.S. is to prevent a fifth column in the urban areas. The "American-sponsored urban revolution" must leave the surviving population demoralized, disorganized, amenable to police-state domination on the one hand and political manipulation on the other (what Huntington's colleagues might call a "modern electorate"?).

"Forced urbanization" provides the necessary foundation for the effort to secure control of the population. The next (and present) stage of the process, when the refugees are herded into the cities, is outlined in a semi-secret paper by Huntington entitled "Getting Ready for Political Competition in South Vietnam." This paper outlines a strategy which

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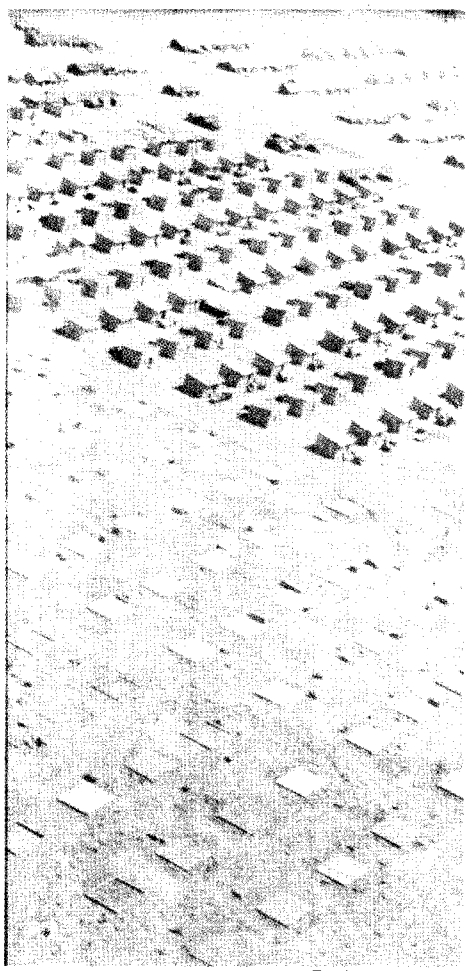

Refugee camp

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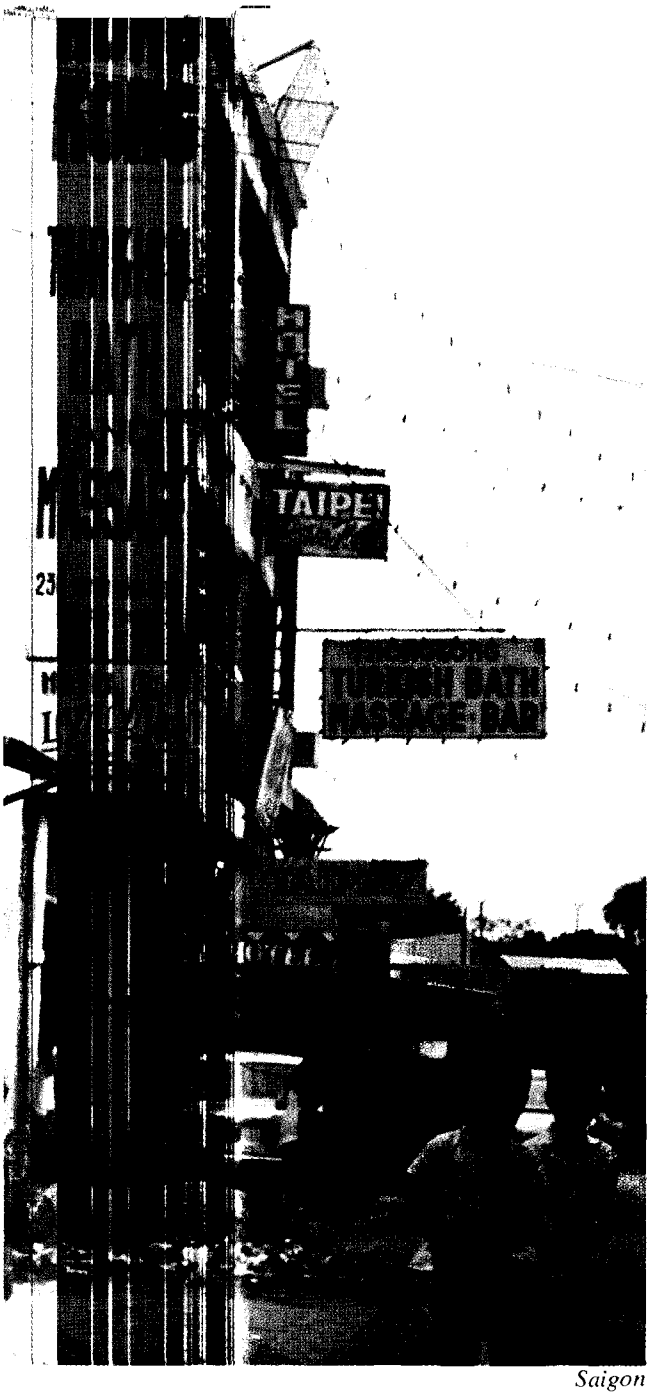
has strong resemblance to the actual emergence of peace forces in Saigon in recent months. Huntington's study was undertaken for the Asia Society and AID's Southeast Asia Development Advisory Group for delivery in March 1969, two months after Nixon took office.

The core of the Huntington strategy is to reach agreement on a political structure that would grant the NLF relative autonomy in rural areas presently under their control, while maintaining the Saigon regime as the national government; in effect this would mean no South Vietnamese government troops; no reversal of NLF land reform; NLF control of local taxes; and NLF military units as the local self-defense corps. In return the NLF would be expected to accept the formal authority of the Saigon government, guarantee free movement and security for all civilians and civil officials of the Saigon government, guarantee free movement and security of goods and commerce, and accept the functioning within the district of civilian ministries of the Saigon government. The greater context of social forces would then provide the key to ultimate victory.

In "modernizing" countries like South Vietnam, Huntington argues, the city is increasingly dominant over the countryside. If the NLF can be convinced to accept confinement to rural areas at the start of the political competition, then economic and political forces will be set in motion which will undermine the political strength of the NLF.

To begin with, the image of the NLF (and PRG), he argues, would be undermined as a competing national government, and the NLF would be reduced to the status of a "communal group," like the religious sects of the Hoa Hao and the Cao Dai. More important, forces would be set in motion which would lead to the integration of the NLF areas into a U.S.–dominated Saigon political economy. For if the NLF attempted to isolate the rural areas it controlled from the rest of the country (and particularly the cities), it would face severe problems of communication, organization and transportation. On the other hand, if the NLF were to allow free circulation of goods and services within the developing urban-dominated capitalist market, and if the capitalist market and entrepreneur enticements were to penetrate the economic relations of the NLF area (peasants wanting to sell the rice on the open market in order to buy consumer goods, for example), then the socialist revolution and cohesive political base of the NLF would be undermined and the NLF areas would be effectively integrated into the Saigon political economy.

BESIDES THE LONG-RANGE destruction of the NLF the U.S. can also manipulate the structure of political competition. The U.S., according to Professor Huntington, can play a major role in shaping the rules of the game. It can also influence the identity of the players. In professional terms: "Perhaps the policy here is the attitude which the U.S. should assume toward active ARVN [Saigon troops] participation—overt or covert—in the electoral process." Or, if the pluralistic political path is deemed more opportune, "the U.S. could provide inducements and coercions to foster alliances or mergers among political actors. . . . [It] can give money and material support to candidates and groups. This can be done either through covert means or openly through the distribution of



Saigon

Photos by Orville Schell/Pacific News

Photos by Ed Rasen

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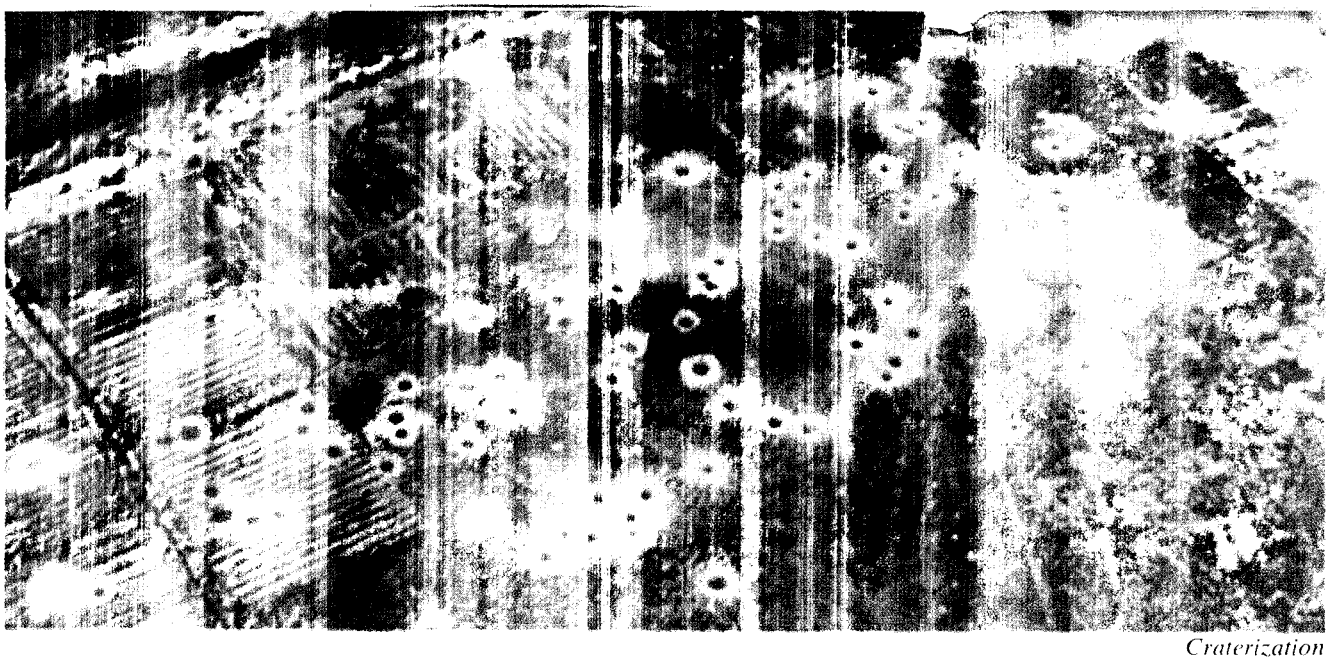

Craterization

economic assistance and 'pork barrel' projects," and through influencing or controlling the media. There are problems of designing the system, however, that must be very carefully considered. For example, "Single-member [electoral] districts produce less proportional results than multi-member districts. They greatly over-represent the strongest party. If we can be sure that party is not the NLF, the system is fine. But how can we be sure?"

But before this "settlement" could succeed, the professor observed with true scholarly insight, a crucial problem had to be solved. "One of the few generalizations about politics in modernizing countries which is almost universally true is that the metropolitan centers are the principal source of opposition to the government." Thus, if "open political competition" is allowed, it will inevitably lead to the emergence of strong anti-government (and anti-American, in this case) groups in the cities. "This urban opposition proclivity," Huntington warns, "offers great opportunities to the NLF to move in and establish itself as the dominant opposition group . . . . From the U.S. viewpoint the most important goal is to insure the existence of a strong non-Communist opposition to the GVN [South Vietnamese government]. The worst situation in the cities would be for the NLF to dominate the opposition there." Huntington proceeds to discuss some of the possible groups and leaders who could coalesce opposition elements around them, and, presumably with "overt or covert" U.S. support, could "prevent the NLF from monopolizing the opposition and thereby attracting to itself all those groups and individuals with real or imagined grievances."

Huntington suggested specifically that the U.S. back the Buddhists, and either Thich Tri Quang, General Thi, or . . . General Minh.

Given this strategy for winning a "political settlement," it is hardly surprising that while the Nixon Administration has made a "space" for the emergence of the non-Communist political forces in the urban areas in recent months, it is continuing the military aspect of the Vietnamization-urbanization strategy: the isolation of the guerrillas not only from the rural population but from supplies and reinforcements from North Vietnam. Although the Cambodian invasion was partly to shore up the Lon Nol regime against imminent collapse at the hands of the Cambodian peasants and their Vietnamese allies, we can accept Nixon's word that he was trying to get at the alleged "sanctuaries," however ineptly. Nixon and Kissinger probably calculate that if they can isolate the guerrillas from outside aid they can threaten them with eventual extinction if they refuse to negotiate. From this perspective, the recent massive B-52 raids on Southern Laos—the so-called Ho Chi Minh Trail—may lead to further escalation as Nixon tries to sever the supply lines to the North.

THE HUNTINGTON-KISSINGER strategy is a last-ditch attempt to insure an American victory in Vietnam. But like all previous attempts to manipulate and control the Vietnamese people, it has little chance of success. The student movement, for example, may already have gone much further to the left than is tolerable to the U.S. Recently in Saigon the students have been openly making demands for unconditional, immediate withdrawal of all U.S. forces. The students have begun to attack the Americanization of Vietnam—hitting directly at Huntington's hopes for creating a consumer-oriented, petit bourgeois mentality among the urban population. The cultural revolution by the Vietnamese students, as well as their political demands, seems to have the support of the general population in the urban areas, forcing caution upon Thieu and Ky in attempting to repress the movement. And the students' politics have moved to the left and are now in harmony with the NLF. The student leaders who were imprisoned and tortured in the summer, then released under public pressure, have apparently actually joined the Front.

In South Vietnam the U.S. attempt to destroy the cadre infrastructure of the NLF with "Operation Phoenix"—aimed at assassinating 20,000 NLF cadres per year—has apparently failed. Meanwhile, the New York Times reported on October 19 that a CIA study had provided evidence that at least 30,000 NLF agents had infiltrated the South Vietnamese government "in an apparatus which has been virtually impossible to destroy." (Duong Dinh Thao of the PRG told Wilfred Burchett that the actual figure of agents is "many times greater.")

The million-man South Vietnamese Army, which the U.S.

Photo by Orville Schell/Pacific News

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was to have "built up" in the last two years, is the most unstable and dangerous force in South Vietnam, according to Vietnam observer Francis Fitzgerald: "Led by a corrupt and demoralized officer corps and dependent on foreign support, it behaves no better than an undisciplined group of mercenaries, terrorizing the population it is meant to protect." Moreover, Thieu has had to work to narrow, rather than broaden, the base of his government "in order to achieve what many Americans assumed he already had: some control over his own army." A coalition government could well lead to an army coup and even a "revolt of the Central Vietnamese divisions against those in Saigon," Fitzgerald argues.

In Laos the U.S. has been "urbanizing" the country with the most murderous air attacks in history (500 to 1000 planes per *day*), creating 800,000 refugees out of a population of less than three million. But the strategy in Laos has failed, and already most of Cambodia is a "Communist sanctuary." (According to a Saigon military source, the North Vietnamese and NLF have even reoccupied their sanctuaries along the Cambodia-Vietnam border. *Le Monde,* 17 October) The Cambodian National United Front is building a solid revolutionary army and political organization, dominated by the Communist Khmer Rouge, according to Sihanouk (*Le Monde,* 28 September) and in control of at least half of the population and country. Sihanouk also said that Phnom Penh will be the last place to be liberated because it would give Nixon the excuse to escalate the war in Cambodia. (*Le Monde,* 4 November 1970)

NIXON IS RESPONDING to the Cambodian "threat" by increasing aid to Lon Nol, by continuing to send in Saigon troops, by supplying Lon Nol with CIA-trained mercenaries of Cambodian ethnic stock recruited in South Vietnam and Thailand, and by authorizing tactical and strategic bombing support for the beleaguered Cambodian army. Recently the Administration admitted that U.S. advisors are training and fighting with the Cambodian army, and Nixon is pushing for vastly increased U.S. aid to Lon Nol.

But the bombing raids have only slowed down the traffic on the trail in the past. There has been talk of a South Vietnamese and possibly U.S. invasion of Southern Laos (*Le Monde,* 21 October). Such an invasion, however, would be vastly more difficult than the invasion of Cambodia because the terrain is extraordinarily mountainous (nearly impossible for a mechanized army) and because the North Vietnamese and Pathet Lao are extremely well entrenched and fortified against such an attack. And as Nixon pulls out American ground troops, such an operation obviously becomes riskier as the rear areas in South Vietnam are vulnerable to attacks.

An ominous alternative would be for Nixon to resort to the ultimate technological solution to the collapse of the 25-year effort to win over the people of Vietnam to the American order: nuclear attack. He could, for example, use a tactical nuclear weapon on the Trail to isolate the NLF permanently with a radioactive barrier. Such an escalation would be consistent with the Vietnamization-urbanization strategy. Recently there have been a number of indications that this is in fact an alternative increasingly likely to be tried as the U.S. political foothold in Vietnam becomes smaller and smaller and its military options fewer and fewer.

Henry A. Kissinger

A recent article in the New York Times may be a "trial balloon" to test reactions and to prepare the way for public acceptance of tactical nuclear weapons. C. L. Sulzberger, chief correspondent for the Times, wrote on November 15—a week before the raids on North Vietnam—that "Limited commitments to conventional defense are seen as increasingly outmoded and yet total warfare is a dreadful absurdity. . . . Consequently, the search focuses on a third solution—between impossible nuclear disaster and unsuccessful conventional warfare. The answer may well lie in the field of truly tactical atomic weapons."

Two weeks before Sulzberger's advocacy of a "third solution," the Times ran an article on atomic land mines recently developed for NATO whose uses seem rather more appropriate for severing North from South Vietnam: "The atomic land mines could block a mountain pass against attacking forces by contaminating the areas with nuclear fallout and by caving in earth and rocks from the heights . . . in sparsely populated areas with relatively few avenues of invasion, atomic land mines could be an effective weapon." (October 28, 1970)

That the United States is now on the brink of using nuclear weapons in Vietnam is no more an occasion for wonder than that it has already crossed the threshold of systematic war crimes as defined by its own Nuremberg Tribunal. Imperial war tends by nature to become genocidal war because it lacks the popular base and raison d'être of more conventional conflicts. Powerless to win support among the Vietnamese and unable to garner the necessary troops from their own increasingly disaffected people, the captains of the American empire must inevitably resort to ever more powerful technologies of destruction to stave off equally inevitable defeat. Nuclear catastrophe thus appears as the limiting case in Washington's desperate effort to escape the consequences of its conflict as a global empire whose base is crumbling with a world revolution whose time has come.

Wide World Photos

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The New Math: The Day They Bombed Wisconsin

"Well, a gentleman one time asked about coming here to do some work. I suggested we would like to have him come, but then he said, Well, but then he didn't want his work to be of any use to the Army. I said, 'Well, you know the work you do is going to be of use to the Army whether you do it at the Mathematics Research Center or whether you do it somewhere else. So the only thing I can suggest is that if you don't want your work to be of value to the Army, you'd just better stop doing research altogether. But you better not go farm because farming is also of use to the Army.' I had no advice for the gentleman what he was going to do if he didn't want to do something that would be of use to the Army."

—Dr. J. Barkley Rosser, Director, Army Mathematics Research Center, *Daily Cardinal*, October 3, 1969

IN THE PRE-DAWN CHILL of a late August day last summer, the University of Wisconsin was rocked by the most serious on-campus political bombing in recent memory. Within hours, shock waves spread out through the news media carrying the grim details of an innocent graduate student trapped in the basement of what had been the University's Army Mathematics Research Center. Words of wrathful condemnation burned across the editorial pages in one of the best public relations efforts any American university has yet been able to mount.

In its September 7 issue, Newsweek magazine labored valiantly to demonstrate that the bombing was just one more piece of infantile left-wing insanity aimed at a tragically innocent academic research center.

Authorities interviewed by Newsweek "insisted that the work going on was nothing more sinister than unclassified, low-key numerical analysis by computers—utterly unrelated to weapons systems development." The New York Times eagerly sought out campus officials who said, "All research done at the Center is non-classified and published in scientific journals." In fact, had they not been so ready to credit the reports of government and university PR men, Newsweek and the Times could easily have discovered that AMRC work was both classified and directly related to weapons development, counterinsurgency operations and nuclear attack strategies.

Today a great blackened hulk sits where the east wing of Sterling Hall used to house the Army Mathematics Research Center. Six floors of laboratories, offices and computers, along with much of the surrounding buildings, were shredded into scrap and ash by the awesome August 24 bombing. Nearly a ton of fuel oil–impregnated nitrates (equivalent to 200 pounds of dynamite), loaded into a stolen van and set off next to the building, closed a major center of military research that had been humming along on the Wisconsin campus, virtually unnoticed, for over a decade.

Constructed at a cost of $1.2 million and formally opened in 1959, the Army wing of Sterling Hall didn't cost the Army or the University a penny of tax funds. The entire bill for establishing the Army's math installation was footed by the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation, a 45-year-old foundation set up and run by those Wisconsin alumni who rose highest in the *Fortune 500 Directory*, including the chairman of General Mills, a director of Parker Pen, and a vice-president of Kimberly-Clark, Wisconsin's largest manufacturing corporation.

First set up in 1925 to exploit the University's Vitamin D processing patents, WARF has built itself into a major Wisconsin financial institution owning vast stock holdings and priceless real estate in the Midwest tourist mecca of the Wisconsin Dells. Each year, WARF donates two or three million dollars of its earnings to the University, supporting scientific research which often leads to the discovery of WARF-licensed products, such as Warfarin rat poison and Dariworld cheese.

At the Center's dedication ceremonies in April 1959, Dr. Rudolph Langer, the first AMRC director, made it clear that the WARF-financed installation was to play a broad role in the constant application of mathematics to the upgrading of military efficiency. A University press release on the occasion quoted Dr. Langer as saying:

"In its day-to-day operations, the Army leans upon mathematics as a necessary tool for the design of weapons and structures, for the compilation of maps and tables, for the organization of analysis of systems of communication, transportation and logistics. Naturally, therefore, the continued perfection of mathematical methods . . . and the rounding out of applicable theories, may open avenues to improvement of efficiency, to better procedures, designs, and organizations, and to more dependable bases of prediction about mechanical systems."

So far as the Army was concerned, getting a research facility built for nothing was pure serendipity, but for the international corporate and financial magnates doling out the capital, it was nothing more than a sound investment which would pay solid dividends in reducing the maintenance costs of empire.

by J. S. Rock

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THE GREAT COVER-UP of the AMRC's work began when the University and the Army signed a contract establishing the Math Center on April 26, 1956. To assuage academic sensibilities, the Army guaranteed that every publication released by the AMRC would first be "demilitarized," adding the instruction that "press releases, presentations at scientific meetings, and papers should not disclose financial details, possible military application or the overall Army program in the particular field involved."

Wisconsin's Board of Regents followed with a second regulation at its meeting May 12, 1956, when it formally accepted the AMRC contract and unanimously agreed that with the exception of Regent Charles D. Gelatt (then Regent President) and University President E. B. Fred, the Board "will not require and can be effectively denied access to Top Secret classified information in the conduct of business of the Army Mathematics Research Center."

Since the Army would prevent release of classified information regarding work at or by the AMRC through the use of security ratings, the AMRC's critical functions were thus concealed from the University community by several layers of official secrecy.

With the single exception of the Regents' resolution, all University and AMRC employees, from the chancellor to the Army Center's receptionist, referred to the Sterling Hall installation as the "MRC," conveniently dropping "Army" from the Center's title. All AMRC members, including personnel working full-time on salary from the Army contract, were granted full faculty status and rank within the College of Letters and Sciences. Quietly, the AMRC settled into the serene atmosphere on the shores of Lake Mendota, and the University fondly publicized it as a "cybernetic Glenlair" (the 19th century country retreat of Scottish mathematician James Maxwell).

AMRC's mask had kept such a smooth complexion that on October 3, 1968, the University marked the Army Center's first decade of operation with a smugly gratuitous press release that deserves the year's top award for face-lifting irony: "Now in its second decade, the Center has grown its wall of shrubbery and has become a part of the heart of the Madison campus. It seldom arouses curiosity on the part of the casual observer or comment on the part of the thousands of students who pass it daily."

The contents of the AMRC contract, however, raised the curiosity of the *Daily Cardinal*, the student newspaper, which first spelled out the Center's goal in a lengthy exposé on March 28, 1969: The AMRC contract missions are to conduct mathematical research on Army operations problems, provide advice and assistance to the Army on request, and cooperate with Army activities in the recruitment of scientific personnel. They also include providing a facility for stimulating contact between Army scientific personnel and other scientists, and creating a reservoir of mathematicians that may be called upon by the government for assistance in the event of a national emergency, by acquainting mathematicians with the needs of the Army and enlisting their work on problems of Army interest.

With those major contract duties outlined, the Army then specified four areas of critical long-range research to be specially studied by the AMRC. The AMRC was left free to develop other major research areas and to hire specialists whose fields weren't necessarily covered by AMRC activities. "The Army . . . is interested in keeping up with the contemporary scene," wrote a University publicist, "aware that only by supporting work in an atmosphere of intellectual freedom can it do so in many of the esoteric fields such as mathematics." The range of the AMRC's research runs from a mathematician's rarified brainstorming and doodling, to several staffers' evaluation of underground targets' chances of survival in a bombing attack—but all of it useful to the Army. "If it were not," reasoned the AMRC director, "the Army would stop supporting us."

WHEN THE AMRC HOLDS its annual conferences, the participants come from major universities and military contractors, as well as from bases and installations. These sectors of the scientific community have parallel interests, and there is a constant movement of personnel among them, demonstrating the commonality of both work and goals. Nowhere is this better illustrated than by the way the AMRC siphoned off top mathematical talent into one main facility responsible to the needs of the Army.

The director of the Center is chosen by the Pentagon's Army Mathematics Steering Committee and the Office of Research and Development, currently administered by Lt. General Austin W. Betts. The present director is Dr. J. Barkley Rosser, an irascible 63-year-old ballistics expert who busies himself writing memoranda to his staff and other faculty analyzing the latest campus gossip and rumors about the AMRC. Rosser has run AMRC since 1964. Before that, he directed a variety of Army and military programs beginning in 1944, when he headed the Theoretical Ballistics Section of the top-secret Allegany Ballistics Laboratory at George Washington University. During the Korean war, Rosser was given the Army's ART Project (Accuracy, Rocket Trajectory) and since then was appointed to direct the two mathematical research programs for the Institute for Defense Analysis. Bearing all his titles at the tip of his tongue, J. Barkley Rosser is even eager to note that he is the only AMRC permanent member written up in *Who's Who*. When a student reporter asked him "a little about your background," Rosser snapped, "That's all in the article in *Who's Who*. I'm surprised you didn't read that before you came."

The remainder of the permanent staff, according to the 1969 Summary, written by the director, "are specialists in areas of value to the Army." Many come from Army or defense contractors' laboratories. Rounding out the AMRC staff each year are the 40 to 50 non-permanent appointees and handful of graduate Fellows, selected primarily by the director. Of all technical service reports turned out for the Army in fiscal 1969, more than 80 per cent were by these non-permanent members. The list of AMRC's "visiting scholars," like that of the permanent staff, reads like a personnel roster of the military-industrial complex.

The AMRC points fondly to the fact that its integration within the University is so thorough that some of its permanent staff reciprocate with those departments who give up faculty for part-time AMRC employment by teaching regularly scheduled courses, usually in mathematics or computer sciences. But the permanent members' teaching is mo-

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tivated by more than a love for the profession, as the 1969 Summary admits. Classes taught by permanent staff are "in the areas of applied mathematics, statistics, etc.," explained the Army report, "where there is a desperate need of more trained men to work in Army installations. . . ."

Though its campaign never makes the University Placement Center's weekly list of corporate and government interviews, the AMRC contract duties charge it with recruiting Army mathematicians. Each year, about ten "exceptionally qualified students," chosen by the director, hold AMRC fellowships. These fellowships are "awarded to outstanding students to pursue graduate study in one of the contractually assigned areas of MRC research," states the 1969 Summary, "in which there is a severe shortage of qualified personnel, a shortage which greatly hampers recruitment in Army laboratories." The Center does its part to alleviate this "severe shortage" by placing some of its graduate students at an Army laboratory for a summer's work.

A Fellow working a summer for the Army is paid salary, travel and living expenses by the AMRC. In a period of deepening recession, shortage of teaching positions and summer jobs, and overall hiring cutbacks at laboratories, the AMRC fellowship is a neat package for all concerned. Since 1961–62, 84 graduate students have held these fellowships.

IN THE EYES OF LIBERAL faculty members, the Center suffered its most serious blow when the *Daily Cardinal* obtained a hitherto suppressed copy of the AMRC's 1967 Summary. Director Rosser even tried telling numerous Wisconsin faculty and staff that the 1967 report had never existed.

The reasons for the report's suppression became immediately evident upon its discovery. First, it was a heavily censored document, its entire eight-page section on "Technical Assistance and Advice" completely deleted. This "editing" cost the AMRC much support within the liberal academic community, who had previously supported AMRC because all of its publications were believed to be "open": Who minds a little slaughterhouse planning, as long as it's scholarly and "unclassified"? Meanwhile, *what* had been censored became more interesting than the fact of censorship, for among a listing of the 13 "contacts" still remaining in the booklet's Table of Contents was "Assistance to Project Michigan," a counter-guerrilla program of the University of Michigan which has been linked by several writers with the successful efforts by the Bolivian government and the U.S. Special Forces to trace and execute Che Guevara. Breakthroughs in "infrared optical imaging and signal processing techniques" came in time to give the Panama-based Special Forces the means to map Guevara's movements and to choose the best possible locations for the ambushes that wiped out his cadre. The AMRC's unspecified assistance to Project Michigan, protected from public release by Army policy, by the AMRC contract and by the 1956 Regent ruling on secret information, came during the fiscal year of Project Michigan's perfection, and only months before the final drive against Che was launched in May 1967.

The clever use of obfuscation, primarily through the mislabeling of actions, is an old trick of the military and their civilian bosses. The American aggression in Asia has been progressively camouflaged and sold to the people disguised in neutral, more appealing terms: Korea was a "police action," Diem's concentration camps were "pacified hamlets," bombing North Vietnam is "protective reaction," and the invasion of Cambodia was only an "incursion." The manipulation of language is a deadly weapon in the American arsenal, and that it is used freely in the operations of the AMRC comes as no surprise.

The AMRC reached its pinnacle of distortion in 1966, when it blundered by printing the first draft of a report which might have compromised national security. This first draft showed how the AMRC had tried to solve a sticky mathematical problem in predicting the vulnerability of underground sites under aerial attack. Director Rosser tried to cover the draft in a letter to the chairman of the powerful Faculty University Committee looking into Defense Department programs on campus, claiming, "We must have by chance picked some numerical examples close to those involved in the Army's studies. . . . We hurriedly collected and burned all pieces of paper with those numerical examples on them. We chose some new ones, suitable to the survival of anthills at which rocks are being thrown; and rewrote #653 with numerical examples based on the anthill numbers. The Army had no reservations about this. The report was published in the customary fashion in the open literature . . . I don't see how publication could be more open." Dolled up to meet the public, TSR #653, "The Probability of Survival of a Subterranean Target Under Intensive Attack," went out into the world, based on data presumably valuable to growing ant colonies.

* * *

What the University of Wisconsin proved in its 11-year affair with the Army Mathematics Research Center is just how easy it is—given plenty of money and a slick public relations staff—to obscure the real interests to which it is beholden and the real purposes that an ever-increasing proportion of its research serves. There is an uncanny irony in the final bombing of a war factory that paraded its work under the guise of bombing anthills.

Two of the four suspected AMRC bombers explained their reasons for planting the bomb and accepted responsibility for the death in "Communiqué from the Underground, Number One." They wrote that the bombing had been a "major success, and a tragedy" because of Dr. Fassnacht's death—"for which there can be no rationalization."

"While we mourn an unnecessary death, we celebrate the blow to U.S. imperialism. The AMRC did the vital basic research necessary for the development of conventional and nuclear weapons, chemical weapons, small arms and bullets, and much more. While hiding behind a façade of academic neutrality, the AMRC carried out work on classified projects for the Army. It consistently lied about the 'openness' of its work.

"The destruction of the AMRC was not an isolated attack by 'lunatics.' It was a conscious action in solidarity with the Vietcong, the Tupamaros, the Cuban people, and all other heroic figures against U.S. imperialism. May our small share of revolutionary violence aid them in their struggles."

J. S. Rock is a free-lance writer who has been on the Madison campus and is familiar with the difficulties there.

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Peleliu Invasion Beach

The Americanization of Micronesia: Paradise Lost

HILARY BEST WAS SIMPLY beside herself as she strolled across the stage, her blond bangs shimmering in the spotlights of the annual Miss Universe contest. Staring into the red eye of the TV camera, she burbled: "Why here I am, Miss Guam. Just think, we've always lived in New Jersey—I never even heard of Guam until two years ago. And now, all of this just because my daddy's in the Navy."

Miss Best is only one small example of the United States' arrogant gifts to Micronesia. Americans have also brought disease, Dairy Queens, and one of the most vital military staging areas in all of Southeast Asia to these haunting islands.

Micronesia, located 3000 miles west of Hawaii in the rolling expanse of the western Pacific, gives the U.S. a unique but little-publicized foothold in Asia. Sprinkled across three million square miles of ocean, the 2000 tiny islands have formed the United States Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands. Nominally, the U.S. administers the islands as a Trust for the United Nations, not as a U.S. possession. But each of Micronesia's 100,000 inhabitants knows that the quality of his life depends less on his desires or those of the U.S. than on the whims of American civilian and military personnel. For 20 years following World War II, the U.S. first abused and later neglected the Micronesian people, leaving Micronesia as a military retreat where GIs might sample firsthand the sensual pleasures Gauguin discovered a century ago. Then suddenly in the late 1960s events in Vietnam and the Pacific rekindled America's interest in the islands for their strategic potential. A spate of "explanatory" visits began to whip up popular enthusiasm for the military's schemes. Simultaneously the Micronesians and their political leaders resolved to end their subservience to the U.S. and to preserve the remnants of their culture from inundation by the West. Today Micronesians find themselves and their islands arrayed as pawns on an oceanic chessboard as the U.S. prepares to expand her Pacific influence.

[DEALING IN A PACIFIC COLONY]

MICRONESIA'S KALEIDOSCOPIC colonial history began in the 1880s when Spain solidified her hold on the three great island chains of the Marianas, Carolines and Marshalls and their disparate peoples. After the War of 1898, America seized Guam and incorporated it as a full U.S. territory, and Germany

Photographs by the author

by Steve Murray

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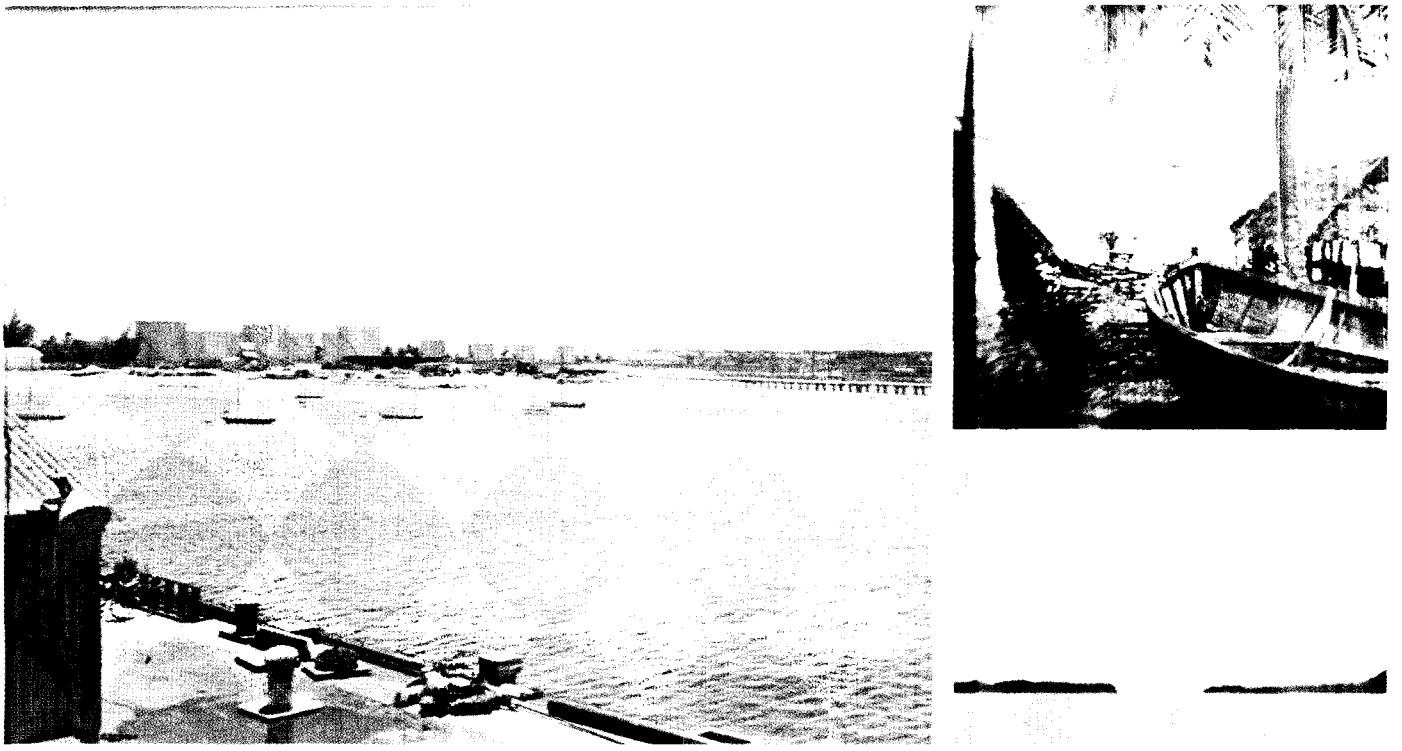

Kwajalein Missile Center

bought up the remaining islands in their best Teuton manner until 1914 when, to the mystification of the native islanders, another distant war brought another colonial master, this time the Japanese. The League of Nations awarded Micronesia as a mandate to Japan, which set about colonizing and exploiting the islands on a large scale. But ignoring the prohibitions of the Mandate Agreement, Japan fortified her colony and used Micronesian bases to launch attacks throughout the Pacific. True to the historic pattern, the new war brought a new ruler to Micronesia. It also brought death and devastation to the islands, as the United States wrested Japan's mandate from her in vicious campaigns that gave America a brand new set of obscure battleplaces: Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Saipan, Truk and Peleliu. Micronesians met their new conquerors passively, surveyed their ravaged lands, contrasted the characteristics of the Americans with those of the deposed Japanese (the size of the Americans' feet drew much comment) and wondered what to expect from the new U.S. naval administration that came to rule them.

It didn't take long to find out. War debris was cleaned up only where scrap metal contractors could make a wide profit, and the Micronesians had to fend for themselves on islands littered with vast explosive dumps. Nobody received restitution for war damages. Even after the fighting stopped, the islanders' villages were torn apart as U.S. forces built military facilities wherever they wished. Generally they chose large, level areas—precisely those lands most valuable to Micronesians for homesites and for producing agricultural staples like taro, yams and tapioca. Taktai Chin, a small entrepreneur who for years was shunted from island to island, describes naval construction at Peleliu when he returned there after the American invasion: "I saw [the U.S. military] bulldozing former farm and agricultural land, removing the topsoil and covering the ground with coral. I also saw bulldozers knocking down standing houses, destroying standing trees and crops. . . . I observed the entire island bare of vegetation, trees and crops. Coral covered almost the entire island and the glare hurt my eyes." The people of Palau and the Marianas have finally had to petition Japan and the U.S. for $80 million in damages, 25 years after the end of the war.

A month *after* the Japanese surrender, the U.S. Navy deliberately leveled the city of Koror, the former Japanese administrative capital. Bulldozers wrecked scores of buildings, offices, laboratories and homes; they dug up surfaced roads and crushed water facilities. The Navy commander never bothered with an explanation; he just promised—and continued to promise—new building materials.

With the Micronesians' attention sufficiently diverted locally, the U.S. government set about stacking the diplomatic deck to gain secure territorial title. Since American wartime assurances claimed we sought no territorial gain, Truman's men haggled tirelessly at the United Nations in 1947 to ratify American control and proclaim Micronesia a Trust Territory under U.S. administrative authority. But ours was a unique arrangement: ever conscious of Micronesia's strategic location, the U.S. pressured the UN into declaring the islands a "strategic trust" in which we could build any military installations necessary for "the maintenance of international peace and security." The UN established ten other trust territories, but none were "strategic trusts." Further, while each of the other administering nations ultimately was responsible to the UN General Assembly, the U.S. answered only to the Security Council, where we conveniently can veto any policy we oppose. Blithely America accepted the UN's charge to promote the political development of the people toward "self-government or independence" and to advance their social, economic and educational well-being.

[THE STAKES: H-BOMBS, MISSILES AND LAND GRABS]

IT TOOK ONLY FIVE MONTHS after the signing of the Trusteeship Agreement for the U.S. to get down to business. The taste of Hiroshima still hot on its lips, the military had to find a place to start its bomb tests. They chose a tiny atoll called Eniwetok in the Marshall Islands, and immediately the entire population was rounded

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'alau District

Palau District

'alau District

up and removed. Without legal counsel and given no choice in the matter, the Eniwetokians signed a contract of consent which never was translated into their own language. They were sent to an isolated, rat-infested island with resources so meager that the people were plunged into mass malnutrition, cut off from their homeland and devoid of vital governmental services. The people of Bikini got the same kind of treatment before an H-bomb leveled their island. To compensate, the U.S. invested a total of $450,000 in U.S. government securities, generously doling out the interest to the uprooted Marshallese.

However, the seed of early American policy in Micronesia grew on Kwajalein island and the nearby islet of Ebeye where the U.S. built a guided missile test center. The chance to earn a cash wage drew hundreds of Marshallese from neighboring islands. Eventually the military built a ghetto for the laborers and their families on Ebeye, a scrap of land one-tenth of a mile square, three miles away. When the Army expanded the Nike missile program to include interception of ICBMs fired from California, it stacked the slums a little higher with island populations that had to be moved from the path of falling debris. By the late 1960s, 3800 people competed for living space on Ebeye. Startled in their innocence, the military disclaims any responsibility for conditions on Ebeye—it's just the old story of supply and demand.

What has the U.S. supplied to these two islands? A typical child on Ebeye lives in a shantytown, faces endless epidemics, receives occasional education and health care, and exists irremediably cut off from his ancestral life style and independence. His father working on Kwajalein deals with an additional gift of American import: Jim Crow. There American personnel live in a neat, air-conditioned community that combines Leisure World with Brave New World. Americans shop at a PX and buy fresh lettuce flown in from Hawaii; they ride in taxis for free, bowl for free, go deep-sea fishing for free. The finest of educational and health facilities are theirs, and they make fat salaries, augmented by allowances to soften the strain of living in a hardship location. Micronesians on the base work mostly as domestics. They commute from Ebeye. Until just recently they could neither ride in taxis nor buy anything in the stores. Kwajalein even closed its modern hospital to Ebeye residents three miles away, so that a seriously ill Marshallese would have to be flown 1500 miles to Guam for treatment.

Most of the remaining Micronesians have escaped the military depredations that befell their brethren in the Marshalls. In 1951 the Navy relinquished control of the Trust Territory to the Interior Department, chiefly because Interior showed it could administer the islands for no more than the $5–7 million a year spent by the Navy. For the next decade this miserly annual appropriation had to provide for all governmental operations and services in the Trust Territory, including health, education, transportation, economic development and all governmental salaries. Almost complete stagnation followed throughout the islands, and the Micronesians were frustrated in every effort to participate in the modern world. They had no control of their affairs. All power rested with an American High Commissioner, who took his cues from Washington. Below him in each of the six administrative districts—the Marshalls, Marianas, Ponape, Truk, Yap and Palau—an American District Administrator ruled his own fief, responsible only to the High Commissioner. Unwilling to help Micronesia herself, the U.S. effectively sealed off the islands from outside influences by prohibiting almost any investment or visitors. Nor could many Micronesians get out: with no capital, economic opportunities were nil, and since the Trust Territory had only two high schools, few people had any chance for advanced education.

One notable exception stands out on Saipan, in the Marianas. The CIA gave the Saipanese their chance to contribute to "international peace and security" by transforming one-half of their island into a super-secret training base for Chinese Nationalists who planned assaults on mainland China. For the entire 13 years of the project's existence, the Saipanese were denied access to the half of their island utilized by the Americans and Chinese. Probably because of the dual

(Continued on Page 45)

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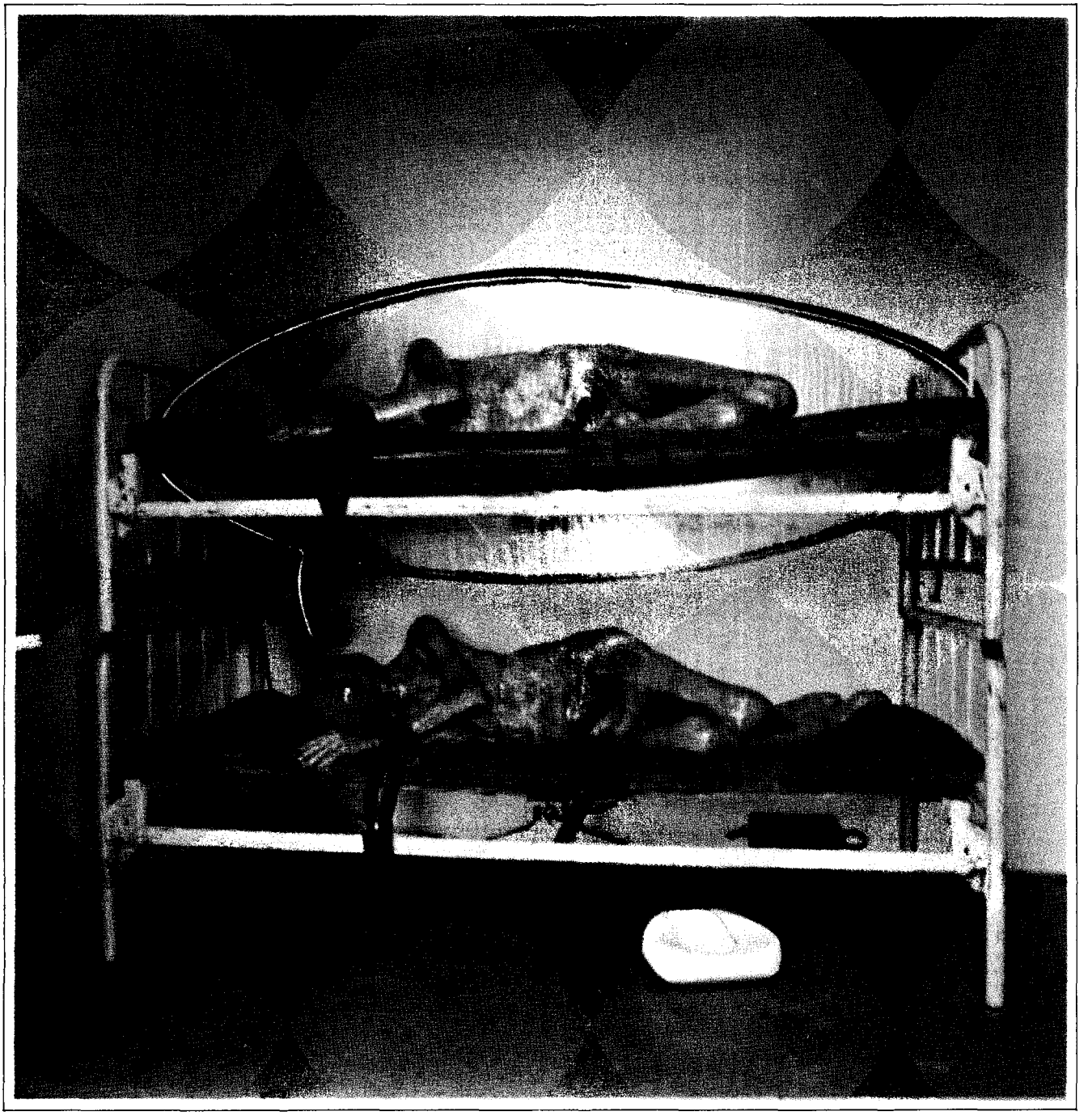
The Mental Health Industry:

This Way Lies Madness



Edward Kienholz/Courtesy of the Los Angeles County Museum, "American Sculpture of the Sixties"

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YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CRAZY to be against Mental Health. In its upper-case incarnations at least—a National Institute and hundreds of Community Centers—the Mental Health movement seeks to be a powerful estate in corporate America. The fact that it has largely failed as an agency of social control hardly matters; as a system of mind-bureaucracies it is succeeding nicely. The damage it does is felt not so much in terms of therapeutics as in its social roles. Like its analogous power-estates—corporate law, corporate industry, corporate media, corporate universities—corporate Mental Health works to stabilize the values and solidify the ideals of the society it serves. It can be no other way. For despite the best intentions of its practitioners, managerial Mental Health will not destroy the social framework in which it thrives.

The mind-bureaucrats comprise a commanding class of managers with a vast network of interlocking interests: race relations, the "new consciousness," pharmaceutical sales, health insurance, real estate, building construction, congressional politics, research grants, crime in the streets—and a lot else. What the managers command are battalions of psychiatrists, divisions of non-professional workers and endless armies of the disturbed, depressed and deranged. They control budgets running to hundreds of millions a year; they direct elaborate research projects in the physical and behavioral sciences; they staff commissions, boards and panels that guide national policy about crime, violence, race, delinquency, drugs, pornography and education.

Mental Health as a social campaign began early in the century in conjunction with the generalized psychiatric movement. Although the two were not identical, these movements represented similar aspects of an historical urge whose time had come: to organize human consciousness for social improvement. For their time, the movements were in many ways revolutionary—that is, they organized people to deal with themselves, their fellows and their world in radically new ways. We are now, of course, all Freudians, as we are all Marxists.

As revolutions will, the psychiatric one began to deteriorate as it achieved power in its institutionalized forms, and as its organizers found status in their managerial roles. No need to assign blame; that process of cooptation is as natural and unavoidable as such phenomena can be. Radical cultural movements can hardly escape the development of the political and economic systems in which they were born. Movements of radical consciousness regularly become expressions of a new status quo, gleaming with glass and steel, brimming with bank accounts, pleased with power.

The bureaucratization of Mental Health—and its transition from small letters to grand capitals—began in earnest after the Second World War, when it was clear that New Deal politics would no longer remake American society into a perfect social democracy. Politics died in the Fifties—that is, politics as once practiced—and a kind of estate-management began to take its place. The new "politicians" were no longer elected officials and their brain-trusters, but the college presidents, the industrial captains, the media baronets, the legal legionnaires—and the social science bureaucrats—who offered some promise of making the super-complex society run smoothly. New Dealers flocked into the new liberal managerial slots, where they quickly found contentment, high salaries and well-appointed suburban comforts. The high-water mark of their establishment was the early Kennedy Administration, which was founded, supported and operated on a base of the new corporatism. And despite the analysis of Kennedyites themselves, the end of it all did not begin in Dallas, but in Vietnam, Watts and Berkeley. The system created its own destroyers.

MENTAL HEALTH FOUND ITS institutional base in Washington, within spitting distance of the other bureaucratic centers of the State. Geographically and conceptually, the epicenter became the National Institute of Mental Health—one of ten National Institutes of Health—which grew up in suburban Bethesda, Maryland, and now lies upon the city of Washington like adrenal glands on the national kidney. NIMH—in schematic perspective—is an agency for the accumulation, assemblage and distribution of power. Under the assumption that Mental Health can solve many (some say all) of America's social problems, the mind-bureaucrats attract the support and participation of the rich, influential and educated. For incentive, the participants get salaries and status—and, more than that, the illusion that they are helpful and right-thinking leaders of their country. Such feelings are actually reinforced when NIMH and the Mental Health system are attacked by the discredited ogres of society—traditionally, the reactionary right, the know-nothings and the military; and of late the radical left.

To assemble their power in usable vehicles, the NIMH managers have built Community Mental Health Centers in 260 locations throughout the country; 420 are projected for some arbitrary first stage, and officials are frank to say that they would like to build upwards of 1000 centers, or one per every 200,000 people in the "catchment areas" into which they have carved up the map of America. The centers are meant to provide both emergency care for citizens in the throes of a freak-out, and "rehabilitation" care for those who act chronically in ways which they or the psychiatrists think are aberrant. In practice, they become immersed in the social politics of the communities they serve—certainly a promising practice, except that they bring all the values of authoritarian, manipulative, class-biased, white psychiatry to those tasks. At first, the centers were involved in race problems; recently, many have become tired of that social war-horse and are concentrating on "trendier," whiter problems, such as freaky kids and dope.

The Mental Health bureaucracy's power is distributed in a number of ways: therapy at the centers; jobs for professionals and non-professionals; fellowships for psychiatrists; research grants; propaganda for this or that approach to social problems (drug use and alcoholism, for example); and the placement of NIMH people and their associates on policy-making or planning boards. It was striking to see, for instance, that the social science section of the Kerner Commission was directed and staffed for the most part by NIMH types. The same was true for the Commission on Violence

by Andrew Kopkind and James Ridgeway

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and similar panels.

In all those ways, the Mental Health management closes its system to itself. NIMH controls most of the money spent in the U. S. for research in psychiatry and related fields. Although a pretense of scientific objectivity and independence is maintained, the reality is quite different: grants are reviewed and approved by a predictable collection of established mental health managers, who award their sizable chunks of bread for projects which meet the bureaucracy's ideological needs.

The ideology, too, flows predictably from the nature of the bureaucracy and its first consideration of self-preservation, perpetuation and extension. NIMH's treatment of the drug "problem," for one example, shows how it works.

DRUGS ARE DEFINED AS A PROBLEM in U.S. society for all the well-chronicled reasons: puritanism, functionalism, bewilderment, etc. Once a drug is categorized as prohibited (for any reason), its use is always considered *abuse*. It turns out, then, that any use of marijuana is drug abuse. Tremendous research effort is then spent in detailing the nature of that use/abuse: most of it with no discernible (at least no relevant) results. The greatest part of drug research grants, for instance, goes into pharmacological studies, which presume to look for objective tests for the effects of marijuana use. Very little money is spent for clinical studies of human heads; what there is goes for research into behavior, not consciousness. As every pot smoker knows, the most interesting thing marijuana does is to the head, not the body. But at present, "science" has no good ways of dealing with such matters; behavior is easier to study, and chemistry easiest. And so the problem is defined in the terms that are most convenient to research.

"NIMH thinks that objective events are more important than subjective events," one doctor who has been part of the Mental Health system said recently. "They set up an objective test in which your score can only go down. All their research on drugs is geared to look for bad effects, and if they want to find bad things they'll find them; they'll find anything they want to."

The NIMH line on drugs as a social issue follows that ideology closely. Use of drugs is always abuse, but more study is required—by NIMH-funded scientists. Prison and penalties are discouraged; psychiatrists are, after all, tenderhearted and woolly-minded. Drug users are considered sick, if not criminal: which suggests that Mental Health therapists, and not the police, should take charge.

There is a similar line on schizophrenia, a mental phenomenon which NIMH finds as intractable as it is fascinating. Millions of dollars are being spent on biopsychiatric research in hopes that some molecule will be found which "causes" schizophrenia, in the way a virus causes the mumps. Each year, NIMH functionaries appear at Congressional Appropriations Committee hearings to report startling advances. But real progress has been near zero in establishing a biochemical basis for mental illness. "They come out with an enormous amount of propaganda," a researcher admitted not long ago, "but it's mostly self-aggrandizing Madison Avenue stuff, like: 'Just this year there has been a chemical found in the blood of schizophrenics that smells like garlic! Tests on 3419 cats . . . .' "

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WARNINGS: Should not be used
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CIBA Pharmaceutical Company, Summit, New Jersey
Psychiatric News, March 1970

An alternative approach—that psychosis is definitional, rather than pathological; that schizophrenia is a variant state of consciousness, not a disease; that paranoia may be the only rational way of making sense of the world—is dismissed at once as "irrational." And that is the most damaging word a super-uptight scientist can apply. The ideas of Jung are treated with skepticism amounting to contempt, and the concepts of R. D. Laing—who suggests that schizophrenia can be both valuable and restorative to human consciousness—are an object of scoffing.

The basic attitude of the mind-bureaucrats is that all the "problems" they see must be defined in pathological terms. It is only in terms of "health" and "disease" that they can exercise their influence. Thus, the NIMH social scientists on the Kerner Commission (see "White on Black," Hard Times, No. 44) had to define the riots as a symptom of the social disease of the ghetto. As liberals always do, the bureaucratic shrinks see everyone they deal with as victims—whether they are blacks, kids, the poor, drug users or schizophrenics. Liberals always have to have victims; if none exist, they'll invent them.

ALL THE IMPLICATIONS OF managerial Mental Health come into focus in the operation of the community mental health center, a civic installation that is fast taking its place alongside the police station and the school (and replacing the church) as an author-

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itative and authoritarian command post for social control.

The centers have been set up under a congressional act passed in 1963 which was a keystone of managerial liberalism in the Kennedy era. (The act gave equal weight to projects related to mental retardation, a pet problem of the Kennedy family, but Mental Health now wags that dog.) The bureaucratic structure and the administrative elaborations of the community mental health center system could be endlessly explained, but provide little illumination into its functional place. What is important is how the centers as institutions house the Mental Health managerial ideology and promulgate it as a community force.

The Connecticut Mental Health Center, in New Haven, was conceived before the national legislation was passed, and opened in 1966. It differs from many of the other centers around the country in its heavy dependence on state aid and university (Yale) connections, but in its function and effects it is not atypical. The Center consists of one nouveau-airport-modern building and several outbuildings in ramshackle structures for appeal to the lumpen classes it serves. A major part of the Center's work is treating "drug dependence" cases; the Drug Dependence Unit is supported mainly by NIMH funds. (The Nixon administration's anti-drug bill, passed in October 1970, gives the NIMH major responsibility for education and "rehabilitation" of drug users.)

There is a range of attitudes the Connecticut Center's directors bring to their work, and some of them are clearly at odds with one another's. But despite some objections, the senior staff psychiatrist said, somewhat sadly. "On pol residents are preoccupied with health delivery systems," the director, Dr. Boris Astrachan, explained. "We're increasingly *managers,* although, we hope, no less academicians." Books on the principles of management crowd out the standard works on psychiatry on his shelves.

"How do you think we spend most of our time?" another senior staff psychiatrist said, somewhat sadly, "On politics and budget, not on patients or even staff problems." In early November, the administrators were preoccupied with the changing political complexion of the state legislature from Democratic to Republican. "You play one off against another," one of the administrators said, cribbing a line from basic hip managerial theory. "We can use Yale to legitimize our function. Of course it's a house of cards, but . . . ."

It's hard to see how anything more than social management can flow out of such concerns. The Connecticut Center is as modern and groovy as any such facility in the country, with "rap sessions," long-haired shrinks and grass-blowing aides, but the underlying assumptions have to do with delivering health services to drug users, hyperactive school kids, alienated freaks and blown-away blacks, whose major problem is that they cannot find satisfaction and self-integration in super-managerial society. There seems to be no way for the Center to solve its patients' problems; indeed, with such solutions, who needs a problem?

THE BACKBONE OF THE Mental Health movement is the drug industry. With Congress withholding funds for health care, and insurance companies still refusing to provide coverage against mental illness, the one alternative way for extending the Mental Health movement is the development and widened use of psychotropic drugs, i.e., tranquillizers and stimulants. They are a major force in the "fight against mental illness," making possible the decline in hospitalized patients, and bringing thousands of people within the reach of the "movement."

This is an enormous and growing business: In 1967, 1.1 million prescriptions for all drugs were filled at pharmacies at a total retail cost of $3.9 billion. The "mind drugs" accounted for about a quarter of that, or $690 million. The emphasis on prescriptions drugs is increasing. From 1958 to 1967 the number of new psychotropic prescriptions filled rose from 42.7 million to 70.6 million, an increase of 65 per cent. This is nearly double the rate of growth for all other drugs. One out of every four adults takes a mind drug once a year. Tranquillizers are the second most widely prescribed category of drugs in the nation. Much of the market is accounted for by people from 40 to 59; most of them are women. While psychiatrists are generally believed to overprescribe drugs, the bulk of mind-drug prescriptions is doled out by general practitioners. Looked at this way, the gut of the Mental Health industry is the relationship between pharmaceutical manufacturer and general practitioner, with the psychiatrist forming a sort of research-propaganda appendage to the business.

While mind drugs are widely advertised and used, there is a continuing controversy as to their medical effectiveness. Librium, one of the most prescribed drugs in the country, has been on the market since 1961. The most recent studies suggest that the medicine is probably not very useful. According to Dr. Richard Burack's *Handbook of Prescription Drugs,* past studies indicate that phenobarbital works as well as or better than Librium for relief of anxiety, tension or apprehension. Librium's main advantage over barbiturates is that a Librium patient can't use the drug to commit suicide. The obvious disadvantage is price: A person can maintain himself on phenobarbital for five cents a day, compared to 30 cents for Librium. A recent study by the National Academy of Sciences–National Research Council says that Librium is effective in only one of 12 categories where its use has been indicated in the past. More surprising, in the nine years it has been on the market, there have been but two controlled studies which would demonstrate the effectiveness of the medicine. Librium is among the 10 most-prescribed drugs in the country. It is the second most-prescribed medicine for old people.

A major part of the Mental Health industry is devoted to pushing amphetamines ("speed"). Last year the pharmaceutical manufacturers made eight billion amphetamine tablets; most of them were sold to women desiring to lose weight. Speed doesn't have much medical use. Studies indicate people lose about seven pounds over six weeks on amphetamines, after which they build up a resistance to the medicine and it is useless in reducing. While amphetamines are sometimes prescribed for mild depression, this turns out to be a double screw: one part of the amphetamine mix turns patients on, while another part turns them off, thereby canceling the effect. The military sells large quantities of amphetamines to soldiers whom it is encouraging to lose weight. While amphetamines are generally recognized as next to useless from a medical point of view, they can

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Mrs. Raymond's pupils do a double-take

And with good reason. She's trim and smartly dressed the way she was when school began.

Valium (diazepam) has helped free her of the excessive psychic tension and associated depressive symptoms accompanying her menopause.

Now she's poised and cheerful again.

Like many patients on Valium, Mrs. Raymond has tolerated it well. Such commonly reported side effects as drowsiness, fatigue and ataxia have not bothered her. Nevertheless, her physician is observing all the precautions and warnings summarized on the opposite page.

Whenever you need an effective adjunct to hormonal therapy for tense, menopausal patients, consider Valium...to help encourage a calmer response to the stresses of everyday living.

Helps relieve excessive psychic tension and associated depressive symptoms. Useful when somatic complaints are concomitants of emotional factors.

Calming effect is usually prompt and pronounced.

Seldom dulls the senses or interferes with function; however, patients should be warned against engaging in hazardous occupations requiring complete mental alertness.

Generally well tolerated; most common side effects have been drowsiness, fatigue and ataxia.

Minimal effects on respiration, pulse or heart rate; hypotension has been encountered infrequently.

Is used concomitantly with most classes of primary medications.

Flexible dosage: available in 2-mg, 5-mg, 10-mg tablets.

An *h.s.* dose added to *b.i.d.* or *t.i.d.* dosage encourages a good night's sleep when tension-induced insomnia is part of the menopausal syndrome.

Before prescribing, please consult complete product information, a summary of which follows:

Indications: Tension and anxiety states; somatic complaints which are concomitants of emotional factors; psychoneurotic states manifested by tension, anxiety, apprehension, fatigue, depressive symptoms or agitation; acute agitation, tremor, delirium tremens and hallucinosis due to acute alcohol withdrawal; adjunctively in skeletal muscle spasm due to reflex spasm to local pathology, spasticity caused by upper motor neuron disorders, athetosis, stiff-man syndrome, convulsive disorders (not for sole therapy).

Contraindicated: Known hypersensitivity to the drug. Children under 6 months of age. Acute narrow angle glaucoma.

Warnings: Not of value in psychotic patients. Caution against hazardous occupations requiring complete mental alertness. When used adjunctively in convulsive disorders, possibility of increase in frequency and/or severity of grand mal seizures may require increased dosage of standard anticonvulsant medication; abrupt withdrawal may be associated with temporary increase in frequency and/or severity of seizures. Advise against simultaneous ingestion of alcohol and other CNS depressants. Withdrawal symptoms have occurred following abrupt discontinuance. Keep addiction-prone individuals under careful surveillance because of their predisposition to habituation and dependence. In pregnancy, lactation or women of childbearing age, weigh potential benefit against possible hazard.

Precautions: If combined with other psychotropics or anticonvulsants, consider carefully pharmacology of agents employed. Usual precautions indicated in patients severely depressed, or with latent depression, or with suicidal tendencies. Observe usual precautions in impaired renal or hepatic function. Limit dosage to smallest effective amount in elderly and debilitated to preclude ataxia or oversedation.

Side Effects: Drowsiness, confusion, diplopia, hypotension, changes in libido, nausea, fatigue, depression, dysarthria, jaundice, skin rash, ataxia, constipation, headache, incontinence, changes in salivation, slurred speech, tremor, vertigo, urinary retention, blurred vision. Paradoxical reactions such as acute hyperexcited states, anxiety, hallucinations, increased muscle spasticity, insomnia, rage, sleep disturbances, stimulation, have been reported; should these occur, discontinue drug. Isolated reports of neutropenia, jaundice; periodic blood counts and liver function tests advisable during long-term therapy.

Roche
LABORATORIES
Division of Hoffmann-La Roche Inc
Nutley, New Jersey 07110

Valium® (diazepam)
2-mg, 5-mg, 10-mg tablets

useful in psychoneurotic states
manifested by psychic tension
with associated depressive symptoms

A special role for Ritalin® (methylphenidate)

as an aid to management of Minimal Brain Dysfunction

In past years, Ritalin has gained wide acceptance as an effective and well-tolerated CNS stimulant. It is unlikely to produce severe effects on sleep, appetite, blood pressure, and heart rate. However, these side effects may occur (see Adverse Reactions section of brief prescribing information at the end of this advertisement).

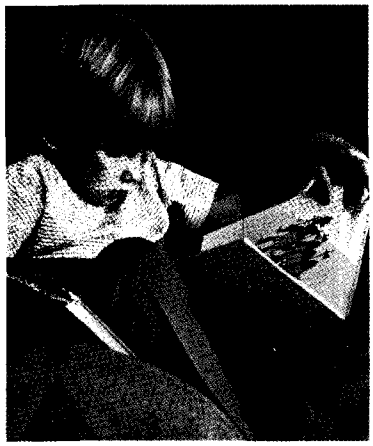
It is this record of efficacy with notable safety that helps qualify Ritalin for its adjunctive role in MBD. Indeed, clinical studies have demonstrated that Ritalin can significantly benefit many MBD children by controlling hyperactivity. In general, side effects were judged to be a minor problem and rarely caused discontinuance of therapy, with the most serious adverse reactions reported being loss of appetite, sleeplessness, restlessness, irritability, headache, and stomachache (see Adverse Reactions section of brief prescribing information).

Many investigators recommend the use of Ritalin—as an adjunct to remedial methods of education and parent counseling—after careful, individual evaluation of the child.

Although the physician is not normally expected to be a specialist in remedial methods, he should make every effort to follow the patients to help assure that proper aid is being sought and received.

The school must do more than supply remedial programs. School administrators must recognize that the type of behavior described may be a medical problem and that the earlier the child is referred to a physician, the more rewarding the response to drug therapy will be, thus favoring good results from remedial education methods.

Parents, too, are vital members of the management team. Their attitudes, their cooperation, their understanding can, if positive, help make the total effort rewarding for all concerned.



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For brief prescribing information, please see last page of this advertisement.

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have serious side effects, causing nausea and bleeding. Since the drug elevates heart pressure, it can have a direct effect on the rest of the system, and may aggravate pre-existing diseases. Some doctors regard amphetamine addiction as a far more serious problem than heroin addiction, and much more widespread: nine million Americans are believed to be addicted to amphetamines. In testimony before the Senate, Dr. John Griffith of the Vanderbilt School of Medicine said, "Amphetamine abuse is not confined to students. Our case files indicate that the most likely occupational group to be represented are medical personnel; housewives are next." Of the eight billion amphetamine tablets produced yearly, there is a legitimate medical market for only a few hundred, according to Dr. Griffith.

Amphetamines are outlawed in Sweden. In the U.S. the medical profession applies a double standard. The American Psychiatric Association, the shrinks' trade board, nominally disapproves of the use of amphetamines, but its weekly news sheet, *Psychiatric News,* runs speed ads every week.

Now, with the fresh emphasis on developing yet a new Mental Health market—childhood mental illness—the overground business in speed is looking up. There is a widening use for the pills in schools. Speed works in reverse in children—calming them down, supposedly making them better able to concentrate on their studies. The pills get the kids off the teacher's back and make life in the school prison a little less hazardous for the warders.

The drug companies are running a low-keyed campaign to help parents and teachers determine whether a child is hyperactive, or hyperkinetic, or suffering minimal brain dysfunction. The advertising program is directed at spotting hyperactive kids in the first and second grades. Smith, Kline & French, which makes amphetamines, distributes a booklet which describes the hyperkinetic child: "He is generally irritable, easily frustrated and quick to anger—in an explosive and unpredictable way. At home or in school, his attention shifts rapidly and he cannot concentrate on any activity for any reasonable length of time. He fidgets or squirms when he sits. His scholastic performance is poor, especially in arithmetic, reading, and writing. He tends to take an independent tack—in school, for example, by asking totally irrelevant questions, pulling another child's hair, walking around during the rest period, etc. At home, he has little patience and may not sit still for meals, TV, or even a bedtime story that spellbinds his brothers and sisters. He runs when he should walk, or perversely, walks when everybody's running. He seems to never sleep and may even get out of bed in the middle of the night and roam around the house." Smith, Kline & French says temper tantrums in infants may be "an early warning" of hyperkinesis in youngsters. The company then goes on to promote the use of amphetamines, which it says are useful in slowing down the child, making him "more manageable," and helping a youngster "control his emotions." The company says amphetamines are not habituating or addicting in children. They say that in a few cases children may develop a pale, anxious expression, but the most common side-effects are insomnia and loss of appetite. "But except for individual sensitivity, which your doctor has probably mentioned, experience has shown that hyperactive children usually tolerate stimulating drugs better than adults."

Ciba, the manufacturer of the popular stimulant Ritalin, goes after the MBD child, described as follows: "He seems in perpetual motion. In constant purposeless activity. He's aggressive, destructive. Easily frustrated. Can't concentrate. He's bright, yet does poorly in school. He wants friends, yet companions shun him. His behavior makes him nearly unbearable to parents, teachers, playmates." Buried in tiny print in the back of the Ciba brochure are side-effects—including possible psychosis and dependence.

ACCORDING TO GOVERNMENT figures, some ten per cent of all children—four million in all—are seriously maladjusted. The drug companies are aiming their sales campaigns at this market. Drug company representative help set up meetings with parents and teachers to discuss behavior problems. In Seattle, a drug salesman brought together teachers, parents and doctors. In Omaha, there was a scandal over the use of amphetamines in the schools; teachers had referred parents of hyperactive youngsters to psychiatrists, who—with the school's cooperation—put the youngsters on Ritalin.

While many doctors believe amphetamines help to steady hyperactive children—an opinion which is formally shared by the NIMH—there is no unanimity on the subject. In a letter to Congressman Cornelius Gallagher, who is studying the effects of amphetamines in children, Dr. Rada Dyson-Hudson, a Johns Hopkins anthropologist, pointed out, "Though hyperactivity is described as minimal brain dysfunction, there are strong indications that certain forms of hyperactivity are inherited and occur in at least four per cent of boys. (This hereditary hyperactivity is often associated with reading and spelling problems, sometimes termed dyslexia.) To be present in the population at such a high frequency, a genetic trait cannot be an 'abnormality'—rather it must now have or have had in the fairly recent past some selective advantage. And the population is said to be polymorphic for that trait.

"In the case of hyperactivity, the selective advantage must be quite large in order to counterbalance the fact that hyperactive children almost certainly have a higher mortality rate. It is impossible to know, with the limited knowledge we have at present, what this advantage might be; but it makes it entirely wrong to think of hyperactivity as a pathology, as medical doctors seem to do."

Even doctors who believe stimulants are useful in calming active children are disturbed at the long-term use of the medicine; it might be addictive. And there is no clear, consistent definition f what is meant by hyperactivity.

Doting middle-class parents, who are brought up not to question teachers or doctors, do what they are told. The mother of a seven-year-old child was beside herself when her son did poorly in the second grade. His attention span had dropped. Testing by the local department of education determined that the child had a "learning disability." The mother writes, "He was recommended to a neurologist, who classified him as hyperactive and put him on Ritalin. Personally I don't use more than aspirin in our home, but I was desperate to help my boy. It does make my son very sedate in school, where he can sit for an hour and a half and take a required test. His performance did improve in school, and the teachers finally paid attention to him because he behaved

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'normal.' But when I noticed him getting the side-effects—brief headaches, blurry vision, stomach ache, brief anxiety—I mentioned to the doctor I read an article of Jack Anderson's Washington column on Ritalin. The doctor likened it to the cyclamate 'scare,' and as to my son's side-effects—'. . . must be seizures, as not one patient has side-effects.' This I do not believe so I have not given my son any Ritalin since school is out, and I will prove to the doctor he will not have any of these symptoms, which he hasn't!"

In Lakewood, California, children begin speeding in the first grade at the suggestion of their teachers. In one instance, the school principal called a mother and complained that her seven-year-old second-grader couldn't sit still. The child was referred to a psychiatrist, who examined the youngster and found him in good health. However, the psychiatrist thought the boy acted odd in playing with other children, a trifle infantile. Another doctor's advice was sought. After taking a look, that doctor said the kid had a "slight brain dysfunction" and prescribed Ritalin, telling the mother, "Well, we will prescribe Ritalin for him and give his teacher some rest and peace." This worked out well until the parents let the prescription run out and the boy crashed. The parents were too frightened of the school and doctors to tell what had happened. The doctor gave the child some more medicine to use with Ritalin. That turned him into a total zombie.

This family had a younger boy, aged six, who annoyed the first-grade class one day by yelling loudly while another child cut off his hair. The school called the parents, and they dutifully hauled the six-year-old off to a psychiatrist. The doctor said the youngster was in good physical shape, but that a little dose of Ritalin wouldn't do him any harm. The six-year-old broke out in a rash. Summoning all their courage, the parents disobeyed the doctor and took the child off the drug.

IT USED TO BE THAT ANYONE who attacked mental health was a fascist or a kook," one Community Mental Health Center official said nostalgically a few months ago. There are still attacks from the right, but the range of criticism is qualitatively different, now that Mental Health is institutionally established. More serious than the reactionaries from the outside are the insurgents within psychiatry and Mental Health institutions.

The passing of the New Deal Renaissance at the end of 1968 has brought considerable heartache and some hard times to the mind-bureaucrats. Former NIMH Director Stanley Yolles's imperial designs are threatened. He succeeded, under the Johnson Administration, in achieving a degree of independence for the NIMH from the other health institutes; but the NIMH is increasingly bothered by its inclusion in a bureaucratic grotesquerie called HSMHA (Health Services and Mental Health Administration), a division of HEW. Nixon succeeded in forcing Yolles out of office; clearly, the new administration wanted its own man in the NIMH directorship. Yolles was able to make his departure a liberal issue, and he rolled out of the NIMH office building something of a hero. But the heroics are mostly mock; an exchange of bureaucrats is hardly a shattering political event. Yolles helped make heroin and schizophrenia political; he immodestly complained when those politics took away his job.

At the same time, Mental Health is losing some of its appeal in Congress, without which NIMH would be hard pressed to make its own politics. The original idea of NIMH theorists was to create a network of centers which would give each congressman an important, federally funded installation in his district. Just as congressmen now have a post office and a poverty agency, so would they have a Mental Health Center for all the benefits it might reap in employment, electoral support, community power and so forth. In a few places that scheme has succeeded. In New Haven, for example, the lower-class "Hill" community, which has a special status in the Mental Health Center service structure, made some heavy hay from the jobs and para-professional training opportunities the Center provides. But in most areas, the congressmen get more pains than pluses for their votes, and the budgets are being squeezed. What's more, Mental Health's favorite friends in Congress—Senators Lister Hill and Ralph Yarborough, and Representative John Fogarty—are defeated or dead. Mental Health lobbying—carried out by NIMH types, by Mike Gorman of the National Committee Against Mental Illness, and by some old New Deal reformers still ambulatory in the Capitol—is not going well.

While the government is cutting back on the community mental health program, the insurance industry—which provides important economic incentives for health care—is still leery of insuring against mental illness unless it is treated in a hospital. The insurance companies fear heavy use of policies permitting out-patient care, and hence they are unwilling to make available coverage on any sort of broad scale. The interests of the insurance companies are against those of the NIMH bureaucrats: the insurance companies encourage people to go into big hospitals, while the Mental Health reformers at NIMH are working to get people out of the hospitals so they can receive treatment in community mental health centers.

* * *

The promise of the Mental Health movement as an instrument of social integration has been illusory: not because its techniques are unperfected, but because its assumptions are misplaced. That's not to say that many individuals haven't been comforted or consoled by the uses of mental health therapy; there's no point in fearing mind-benders beneath every couch. But like the CIA—which corporate Mental Health resembles in institutional form—the mind-bureaucracy finally entraps those it initially helps. Corporate law, in the same way, defends helpless innocents while it solidifies business and political monopolies. Corporate education provides useful instruction while it supports imperial extension. Corporate industry gives consumers their plastic toys while it grabs the nation's wealth. Corporate Mental Health, too, dispenses its gifts; it soothes the nerves while it keeps men mad.

Andrew Kopkind and James Ridgeway are the editors of Hard Times. *This report was aided by a grant from the Fund for Investigative Journalism. Research material was provided by Frances Lang.*

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(Continued from Page 37)

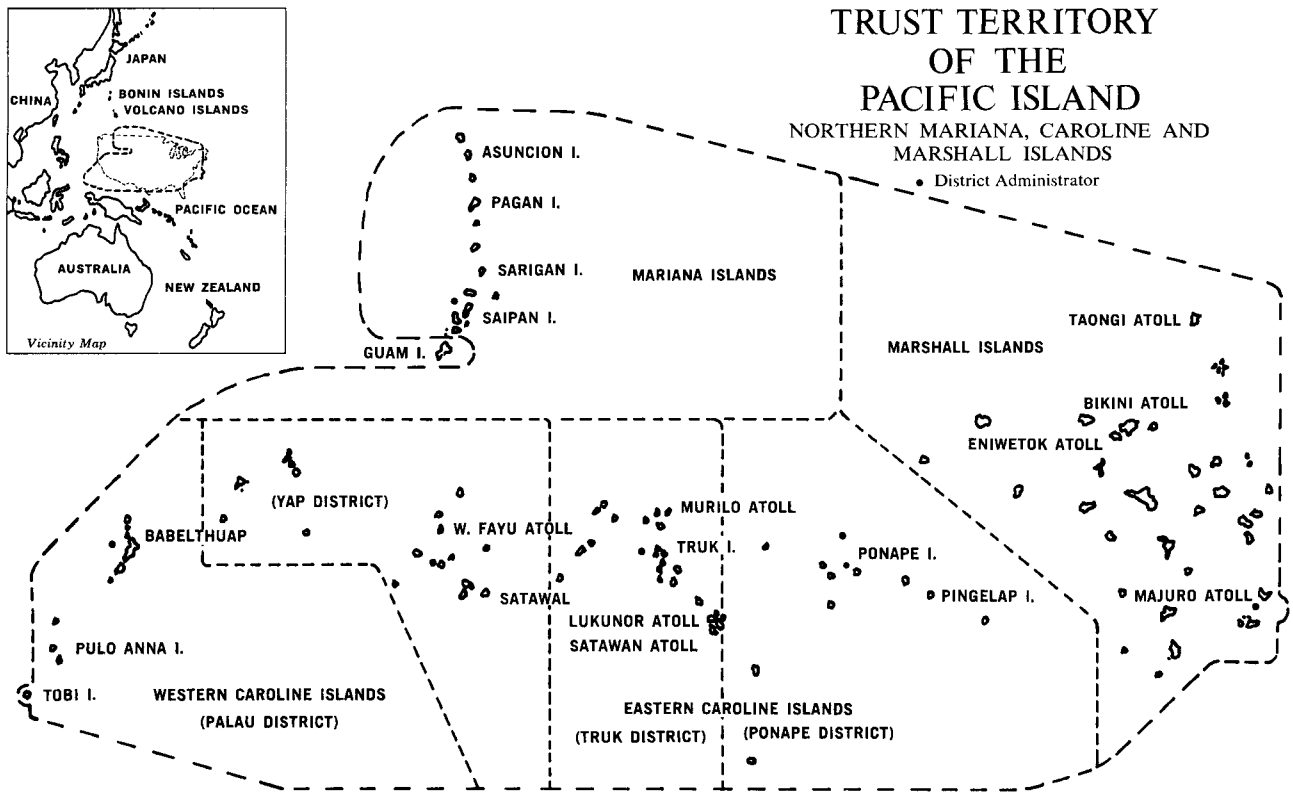
proddings of the Bay of Pigs fiasco and the expense of the Saipan scheme ($28 million), the CIA abandoned its complex and returned it to the Trust Territory government, which moved its headquarters there in 1962.

Finally, in the early 1960s, American policy altered somewhat. First came budget increases—to a munificent $17.5 million. Then the government began the first significant development of Micronesian resources since Japanese days: it allowed Van Camp to establish a tuna-fishing operation. A crash program whisked several hundred Peace Corps volunteers into the islands just ahead of the 1967 UN visiting mission, which nodded approvingly at the volunteers' earnestness. Yet nothing compared in importance to the formation of Micronesia's first Territory-wide legislature, the Congress of Micronesia. Patterned after the U.S. federal legislature, it comprises a Senate (two members from each of the six districts), and a House of Representatives apportioned by population. With its first session in 1965, Micronesians at last had a voice in their government. Seeking to muffle that voice, the U.S. gave the High Commissioner and Secretary of the Interior final veto powers over legislation passed by the Micronesian Congress and kept all budget matters in executive hands (doubtless recalling how American colonial legislatures used the power of the purse to throttle recalcitrant governors). Nonetheless, the U.S. had taken a fatal step, for the legislature quickly earned the allegiance of the Micronesian people and greatly fostered the sense of Micronesian unity among the disparate island cultures. This unity came not a moment too soon, for by the end of the 1960s Micronesia faced a renewed threat to her aspirations for self-determination as the U.S. unfolded her design for carrying the Pax Americana to the Pacific Rim.

[EARNINGS BETTING ON EARNINGS]

WASHINGTON KNOWS AS WELL as corporate businessmen about the Asia story: that U.S. trade with Asia reached $12.9 billion in 1967, and that earnings on investments in Asia far outstrip those from Latin America or Europe. The Pacific Rim fascinates U.S. business, both for its current wealth (Japan ranks as our second largest trading partner) and for the much-heralded potential of Indonesia and other Southeast Asian nations—so much so that "the opening up of Asia" has already become a cliché for the 1970s. America has been in there fighting for military dictatorships in South Korea, Taiwan and Thailand, in addition to South Vietnam, to assure other nations they have a friend in Uncle Sam should internal dissension threaten the status quo. Billions of dollars of foreign aid prop up cooperative countries. Empires like ours are not maintained by treaties and friendly persuasion alone; thus, by late 1969, U.S. economic, political and military interests required her to keep 833,000 troops and 195 major military installations in Asia.

Nixonian Washington found itself in a terrible bind, however. Vietnam demonstrated that U.S. ground troops cannot defeat strong guerrilla forces. And besides, the mothers in Peoria weren't going to stand to have more of their sons slaughtered in the jungles. To solve the double bind, new American strategy calls for the U.S. to use its great air power and logistics capabilities to support *Asian* ground troops doing the kind of fighting at which U.S. troops failed in Vietnam. It amounts to Vietnamization on a continental scale. The strategy requires a vast array of forward and rear bases in the Pacific, since strategists insist on both speedy and mas-



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sive responses by American forces. With the largest existing U.S. base in Asia—Okinawa—gone by 1972, and all other American installations based in possibly unstable sovereign allies, the Pentagon boys dusted off their old Pacific charts where America ruled "virtually as if it were an area over which we had sovereignty"—in the words of former Undersecretary of State Katzenbach. So Micronesia came to be the launching pad of law and order in the Pacific.

The military men though they had an easy catch in Micronesia. And why not? The Trust Territory government claims over 50 per cent of all Micronesian land as public domain under sole control of the High Commissioner. Large areas still remained designated as "military retention land" after the U.S. folded up World War II bases, and a year ago, to build good will, the Navy even sent Seabee teams to work on public projects in Micronesia. The U.S. Congress did its part by pumping $40 million into the Trust Territory's budget, as if to demonstrate the potential generosity of the civilian branch. And on Guam, where some Micronesians look forward to military largesse and job opportunities, the military has airlifted almost the entire American Dream, with big cars, television, Dairy Queens and third-rate rock music. The Palau district, however, cast a wary eye upon General Lewis Walt, Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps, when he visited the islands last year. Walt, an arch foe of "yapping peaceniks" (he claimed last fall that peace demonstrations had prevented an American victory in Vietnam), came to Palau, hoping for a site on which to build a Marine jungle training base. He told the District Legislature that their islands were ideal and he hoped they could work out an agreement for land use. Oblivious to the Micronesian custom that forbids face-to-face refusal of a request, he left Palau with a feather in his cap, believing he had the acquiescence of the Legislature. Instead, the legislators gave him a black eye: as soon as he left they passed a resolution stating that the proposed base "would not be in the best interests of the Palauan people" who are "a peace-loving people who have no desire ever again to have the tragedies of war visited upon them." Walt, sure that a Peace Corps lawyer had put the lawmakers up to this treachery, got the White House to quickly curtail Micronesia's Peace Corps lawyer program.

Their top-ranking tacticians outmaneuvered by Micronesians, the Pentagon brass began to deal more circumspectly with the Trust Territory. Military inspectors tour quietly now, and other furtive agents drop from the sky unannounced to spook around. In office less than 100 days, Walter Hickel became the first Interior Secretary in seven years to visit Micronesia. Included in his cornucopia of promises from Washington was one that the U.S. government would not take Micronesian land "without full discussion with all parties involved and full and adequate compensation." For a short time Micronesians took heart that the U.S. had resolved not to repeat the malefactions it had committed in the Marshalls.

Gloom drove out their hopes when two months later the Micronesian Congress released a copy of a dispatch Hickel sent to High Commissioner Edward Johnston after the Secretary's return to Washington. "Work is now going forward in the Defense Department," Hickel admitted, concerning military land requirements in Micronesia; he then promised to send Johnston whatever information he needed. Johnston cabled back that the Trust Territory government had to know locations of land "at least nine months before the need to occupy." The Congress of Micronesia immediately passed a resolution requesting that all military land acquisition efforts cease. Congressmen also argued for the repeal of a 1955 agreement between the Defense Department and the Trust Territory which obliged the latter to acquire privately owned land for defense. The Micronesians pointed out that under the UN Trusteeship Agreement, the Territory government was supposed to "protect Micronesians against the loss of their lands and resources"—not negotiate a military seizure.

Not surprisingly, Washington decided to drop the military question from public discussion. Trust Territory officials now deny any knowledge of military intentions, and no information drips out of the Pentagon. Air Force studies still showed the feasibility of a plan to construct in the Truk District a huge B-52 base that would involve the leveling of entire islands. The Navy's interest still centers around the lagoons that made excellent fleet anchorages in World War II. Forced to cool it for the past year, however, the Pentagon bowed to the Nixon Administration, which had decided that further muscling under the Strategic Trust provisions was unwise. Instead, why not end the trusteeship arrangement and get Micronesia to bind herself permanently to the U.S.? This would remove the onus of UN criticism and give the United States secure title to future island bases. A sound plan from a sound American. But Washington underestimated the determination of Micronesians to end their subservience to the U.S. and to carve out a future that would place their own aspirations ahead of American Pacific strategy.

[THE TENUOUS STALEMATE]

TODAY, GOVERNMENTAL POLICY in Micronesia depends not only on American decisions but on those of the 33-member Congress of Micronesia. In the past two years the energy and political skill of Micronesian congressmen have emerged as the primary obstacles preventing Washington from dictating a new political status to Micronesia. They have worked tirelessly to teach themselves and their people the steps of nation-building, while simultaneously resisting fierce pressures to bow to American wishes. The odds overwhelmingly favor the U.S. in this contest, but the Congress acts a very spirited David to the American Goliath. Hope exists that today's young Micronesians will grow to maturity not as wards of the U.S. but as free people playing their chosen role in world affairs.

In 1967 the Congress of Micronesia created from its membership a Political Status Commission to make recommendations for the islands' political future. The task proved immense, for in the preceding 20 years, as Senator Francisco Palacios of the Marianas says, "[America's] concern with the strategic aspect of the Trusteeship . . . neglected the primary purpose of the Trusteeship—to guide Micronesia to genuine self-government." The level of political sophistication among U.S. Trust Territory personnel was revealed by one who proudly told a group of Peace Corps volunteers that, to the government's knowledge, no Communist had ever entered the islands. After two years of meeting with their constituents and visiting political dependencies around the world, the Commission recommended in 1969 that Micro-

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nesia choose "self-government in free association" with the U.S. Under such an arrangement, Micronesia would control all her own internal affairs (she now has only hobbled legislative power and limited advisory power on other matters). But she would also recognize America's strategic interest, and her continued need for assistance and protection from the U.S.

The report dealt forthrightly with the military question. It noted the "surprising degree of anxiety" expressed by the Micronesian villagers with whom the Commission met, and their fear of losing lands or having their culture swamped should America build more bases. But the Commission observed that land constituted Micronesia's best bargaining agent, and as a self-governing state she could insure that her interests weren't sacrificed to those of the U.S. Micronesians hold their land—which one leader aptly described as "our smallest and our most precious resource"—so dear that it is unlikely they would accept a political status that denied them control over its disposal.

The state of Micronesia's economy also contributes to the complexity of her choice of a political future. As late as 1967 the UN termed the economy "virtually stagnant." Government expenditures so direct the economy that the private sector can't hope to compete. Tourism brings the mixed blessing of dollars and an immeasurable social and cultural assault. Imports outstrip exports four-and-a-half to one; until 1969, Micronesia's second largest export consisted of scrap metal left over from the war. Micronesians in the urban centers have developed tastes for a life style that depends almost entirely on the sums spent by the government. Thus the political dilemma: without continued outside aid for years to come the islanders would have to give up the appurtenances of civilization they insist on having. The people find themselves so dependent economically on the U.S. that the Status Commission ruled out independence as only "a second alternative," should free association prove impossible. Yet as a senator from Ponape reminded a high school audience, "My great-great-grandfather was independent. It is the younger people who may want to sell their birthrights to live a more comfortable life."

Micronesia's hopes to negotiate free association with the U.S. met a sharp setback last spring. An intransigent U.S. delegation met with a Political Status Delegation appointed by the Congress of Micronesia and, brushing aside the Micronesians' instructions to discuss only free association or independence, made a flat offer of commonwealth status for the islands. The incensed Status Delegation filed its report to the Congress of Micronesia last July, recommending that the offer be rejected for three reasons: under a commonwealth arrangement Micronesia would (1) lose control of her lands; (2) lack complete legislative freedom; and (3) have to agree to associate permanently with the U.S. The Delegation told the Americans, ". . . the legal rights we consider essential to the effective protection of a Micronesian identity cannot be bartered for [the] financial and economic advantages [of commonwealth status]." One member of the Delegation asked the Micronesian Senate why the U.S. would offer a status that denied Micronesians so many of the rights Americans enjoy, then answered his own question: "The American delegation was concerned, above all else, with the U.S.'s military interest in our islands."

THIS PAST AUGUST, in an eloquent speech before the Micronesian Senate, Lazarus Salii carefully defined the central political question he dealt with as chairman of the Political Status Delegation: "Who owns and therefore should govern Micronesia? I have always thought that Micronesia belongs to Micronesians, and that we had the right to rule our own home islands. I have never believed that the fact other nations fought wars in our islands and waters and negotiated agreements, mandates, and trusteeships among themselves . . . affected the fact that we were Micronesians and this was our Micronesia.

"In peace and in war, this was our home. To others it was a strategic area, a defense perimeter, a trust territory, but we considered this our home. And in the last few years we have insisted that we have the right to rule our home. . . . The United States, in its offer of commonwealth status, still has not recognized that right. . . . Underneath all the talk of lasting partnerships and higher budgets is a basic and continuing denial of our right to self-government.

"As a commonwealth Micronesia would become a permanent member of the United States political family—eminent domain would remain eminent domain, i.e., in American hands; veto would remain veto; Kwajalein would remain America and Ebeye . . . would remain Micronesia. And Micronesia would become the newest, smallest, remotest non-white minority in the United States political family—as permanent and as American as, shall we say, the American Indian."

Immediately after this speech the Senate unified behind Salii in voting 11-1 to endorse free association officially. But as the Status Delegation report noted with concern, the U.S. has never agreed that the terms of a new association must be approved by the Congress of Micronesia. Congressmen fear that the U.S. may try to bypass their authority, dazzle less sophisticated islanders with pie-in-the-sky promises, and then win a plebiscite before the Congress could convince the people of the serious disadvantages of commonwealth status.

Because of such apprehensions, the Congress gave a less than enthusiastic welcome to Assistant Secretary of the Interior Harrison Loesch when he arrived in Saipan in a vain attempt to sway congressional votes in favor of the commonwealth proposal. Loesch had headed the U.S. delegation that had made the commonwealth offer in the spring, and he had made many friends among Micronesians with his "down home" affability. But after Salii's speech and the Senate's vote, the legislators were determined to stick to their guns, and despite an extended visit Loesch returned home frustrated. U.S.-Micronesian negotiations still remain deadlocked. But it's not beyond reason to suggest that the advantage passed to the Micronesians this summer because of their firmness. They have served notice to the Nixon Administration that they will not docilely accept a political status dictated from Washington. Tenaciously clinging to their besieged lands and culture, they have stolen the most dog-eared page from Richard Nixon's diplomatic handbook: they are negotiating from strength.

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America
On $0 a Day

by Abbie Hoffman

Illustration by Rick Meyerowitz

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Free Food

[RIPPING OFF RESTAURANTS]

In a country such as Amerika, there is bound to be a hell of a lot of food lying around just waiting to be ripped off. If you want to live high off the hog without having to do the dishes, restaurants are easy pickings. In general, many of these targets are easier marks if you are wearing the correct uniform. You should always have one suit or fashionable dress outfit hanging in the closet for the proper heists. Specialized uniforms, such as nun and priest garb, can be most helpful. Check out your local uniform store for a wide range of clothes that will get you into—and especially out of—all kinds of doors.

In every major city there are usually bars that cater to the Now Generation–type riff-raff trying to hustle their way up the escalator of Big Business. Many of these bars have a buffet with hors d'oeuvres served free as a come-on to drink more booze. Take a half-empty glass from a table and use it as a prop to ward off the anxious waitress. Walk around sampling the free food until you've had enough. Often there are five or six such bars in close proximity, so moving around can produce a delightful "street smorgasbord." Dinner usually begins at 5:00 PM.

If you are really hungry, you can go into a self-service cafeteria and finish the meal of someone who left a lot on the plate. Self-service restaurants are usually good places to cop things like mustard, ketchup, salt, sugar, toilet paper, silverware and cups for home use. Bring an empty school bag and load up after you've cased the joint. Finishing leftovers can be worked in even the fanciest of restaurants. When you are seated at a place where the dishes still remain, chow down real quick. Then after the waitress hands you the menu, say you have to meet someone outside first, and leave.

There are still some places where you can get all you can eat for a fixed price. The best of these places are in Las Vegas. Sew a plastic bag onto your tee-shirt or belt and wear a loose-fitting jacket or coat to cover any noticeable bulge. Fried chicken is the best and the easiest to pocket (or should we say bag).

In fancy sit-down restaurants, you can order a large meal and halfway through the main course, take a little dead cockroach or a piece of glass out of your pocket and place it deftly on the plate. Jump up astonished and summon the headwaiter. "Never have I been so insulted. I could have been poisoned," you scream, slapping down the napkin. You can refuse to pay, and leave, or let the waiter talk you into having a brand new meal on the house for this terrible inconvenience.

In restaurants where you pay at the door just before leaving, there are a number of free-loading tricks that can be utilized. After you've eaten a full meal and gotten the check, go into the restroom. When you come out go to the counter or another section of the restaurant and order coffee and pie. Now you have two bills. Simply pay the cheaper one when you leave the place. This can be worked with a friend in the following way. Sit next to each other at the counter. He should order a big meal and you a cup of coffee. Pretend you don't know each other. When he leaves, he takes your check and leaves the one for the large meal on the counter. After he has paid the cashier and left the restaurant, you pick up the large check, and then go into the astonishment routine, complaining that somebody took the wrong check. You end up only paying for your coffee. Later, meet your partner and reverse the roles in another place.

In all these methods, you should try to leave a good tip for the waiter or waitress, especially with the roach-in-the-plate gambit. You should try to avoid getting the employees in trouble or screwing them out of a tip.

One fantastic method of not only getting free food but getting the best available is the following technique that can be used in large metropolitan areas. Look in a large magazine shop for gourmet digests and tourist manuals. Swipe one or two and copy down a good name from the masthead inside the cover. Making up a name can also work. Next, invest $5.00 to print business cards with the name of the magazine and the new "associate editor." Call or simply drop into a fancy restaurant, show a copy of the magazine and present the manager with your card. They will insist that the meal be on the house.

Great places to get fantastic meals are weddings, bar mitzvahs, testimonials and the like. The newspaper society sections have lists of weddings and their locations. If your city has a large Jewish population, subscribe to the newspaper that services the Jewish community. There are extensive lists in these papers of family occasions where lots of good food is served. Show up at the back of the synagogue a few hours after the affair has begun with a story of how you'd like to bring some left-overs of "good Jewish food" back to your fraternity or sorority. If you want to get the food served to you out front, you naturally have to disguise yourself to look straight. Remarks such as "I'm Marvin's cousin" or learning the bride's name ("Gee Dorothy looks marvelous") are great. . . . A man and woman team can work this freeload much better than a single person, as they can chatter back and forth while stuffing themselves.

If you're really into a classy free meal, and you are in a city with a large harbor, check out the passenger ship section in the back pages of the newspaper. There you find the schedule of departures for ocean cruises. Most trips begin with a fantastic bon voyage party on board ship. Just walk on a few hours before departure time and start swinging. Champagne, caviar, lobster, shrimp and more—all as free as the open seas. If you get really bombed and miss getting off, you can also wiggle a ride across the ocean. You get sent back as soon as you hit the other side, but it's a free ocean cruise. You should have a pretty good story ready to go, or you might do the trip in the brig.

[FREE FOOD PROGRAM]

In Amerika, there is a national food stamp program that unfortunately is controlled by the states. Many states, for racist reasons, do not want to make it too available, or even to publicize the fact that it exists.

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It is a much better deal than the food program connected with welfare because you can use the stamps to buy any kind of food. The only items excluded are tobacco products and alcoholic beverages. In general, you can qualify if you earn less than $165 per month; the less you earn, the more stamps you can receive. There is minimal hassle involved once you get by the first hurdle. Show up at your local food stamp office, which can be found by calling the Welfare Department in your city. Make an appointment to see a representative for your area. They will tell you to bring all sorts of receipts, but the only thing you need is a few rent stubs for the most recent months. If the receipts are for a high rent, tell them you rent a room from a group of people but eat separately. They really only want to prove that you have cooking facilities. Once you get stamps, you can pick them up regularly. Some states even mail them to your pad. You can get up to a hundred dollars worth of free purchases a month per person in the most liberal states.

Large amounts of highly nutritional food can be gotten for as little as three cents per meal from a non-profit organization called Multi-Purpose Food for Millions Foundation, Inc. Their address is 1800 Olympic Avenue, Santa Monica, California. Write and they will send you details.

[SUPERMARKETS]

Talking about food in Amerika means talking about supermarkets—mammoth, neon-lighted streets of food packaged to hoodwink the consumer. Many a Yippie can be found in the aisles, stuffing his pockets with assorted delicacies. We have been shoplifting from supermarkets on a regular basis without raising the slightest suspicion.

We are not alone, and the fact that so much stealing goes on and the supermarkets still bring in huge profits shows exactly how much overcharging has occurred in the first place. Supermarkets, like other businesses, refer to shoplifting as "inventory shrinkage." It's as if we thieves were helping Big Business reduce weight. So let's view our efforts as methods designed to trim the economy, and push forward with a positive attitude.

Never go shopping in the supermarket without a briefcase (men) or a large handbag (women). In those crowded aisles, especially the ones with piles of cases, all sorts of goodies can be transferred quickly from shopping cart to handbag. A drop bag can be sewn inside a trench coat for more efficient thievery. Don't worry about mirrors or attendants; never look at them. Become a discriminating shopper and don't stuff any of the cheap shit in your pockets.

Small bottles and jars often have the same size cap as the larger, expensive sizes. If they have the price stamped on the cap, switch caps, getting the larger size for the cheaper price. You can empty a pound of margarine and fill it with sticks of butter. Small, narrow items can be hidden in the middle of rolls of toilet paper. Larger supermarkets sell records. You can sneak two good LPs into one of those large frozen pizza boxes. In the produce department, there are bags for fruit and vegetables. Slip a few steaks or some lamb chops into the bottom of a large brown bag and pile some potatoes on top. Have the little man in the white coat weigh the bag, staple it and mark the price. With a black crayon, you can also mark your own prices.

It's best to work shoplifting in the supermarket with a partner who can act as look-out and shield you from the eyes of nosey employees, shoppers and other crooks trying to pick up some pointers. Work out a prearranged set of signals with your partner.

You can walk into a supermarket, get a few items from the shelves, and walk around eating food in the aisles. Pick up some cherries and eat them. Have a spoon in your pocket and open some yogurt. Open a pickle or olive jar. Get some sliced meat or cheese from the delicatessen counter and eat it up, making sure to ditch the wrapper. The cart full of items, used as a decoy, can just be left in an aisle before you leave the store.

Case the joint before pulling a big rip-off. Know the least crowded hours, learn the best aisles to be busy in, and check out the store's security system. Once you get into shoplifting in supermarkets, you'll really dig it. You'll be surprised to learn that the food tastes better.

Large chain stores like Safeway throw away day-old vegetables and the outer leaves of lettuce, celery and the like. This stuff is usually found in crates outside the back of the building. Tell them you're working with animals at the college labs, or that you raise guinea pigs. They might even get into saving them for you, but if they don't, just show up before the garbage is collected (generally early in the morning), and they'll let you cart away what you want. Dented cans and dented fruit can often be gotten free, or certainly at a reduced rate. They are still as good as the undamaged ones.

[WHOLESALE MARKETS]

LARGE CITIES ALL HAVE a wholesale fruit and vegetable area where the workers will often give you loads of free food just for the asking. Get a good story together. Get some church stationery and type a letter "To whom it may concern" introducing yourself, or better still, wear some clerical garb. Orchards also make good pickings just after the harvest has been completed.

Factories often will give you a case or two of free merchandise for a "charitable" reason. Make some calls around town and then go pick up the stuff at the end of the week. A great idea is to get a good list of a few hundred large corporations around the country by looking up their addresses at the library. *Poor's Register of Companies, Directors and Executives* has the most complete list. Send them all letters complaining about how the last box of cereal was only half full, or how you found a dead fly in the can of peaches. They often will send you an ample supply of items just to keep you from complaining to your friends, or worse, taking them to court. Often you can get stuff sent to you by just telling them how good their product is compared to the trash you see nowadays. You know the type of letter. "Rice Krispies have had a fantastic effect on my sexual prowess," or "Your frozen asparagus has given a whole new meaning to my life." In general, though, the nasties get the best results.

Slaughterhouses usually have meat that they will give away. They are anxious to give to church children's programs and things like that. In most states, there is a law that if the

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slab of meat touches the ground, they have to throw it away. Drop around meat houses late in the day and trip a few trucks.

Fishermen always have hundreds of pounds of fish that have to be thrown out. You can have as much as you can cart away, generally just for the asking. Boats come in late in the afternoon and they'll give you some of the catch, or you can go to the markets early in the morning when the fishing is best.

These methods of getting food in large quantities can only be appreciated by those who have tried them. You will be totally baffled by the unbelievable quantities of food that will be laid on you, and by the ease of panhandling.

Investing in a freezer will allow you to make bi-weekly or even monthly trips to the wholesale markets, and you'll get the freshest foods, to boot. Nothing can beat getting it wholesale for free. Or is it free for wholesale? In any event, "Bon appétit."

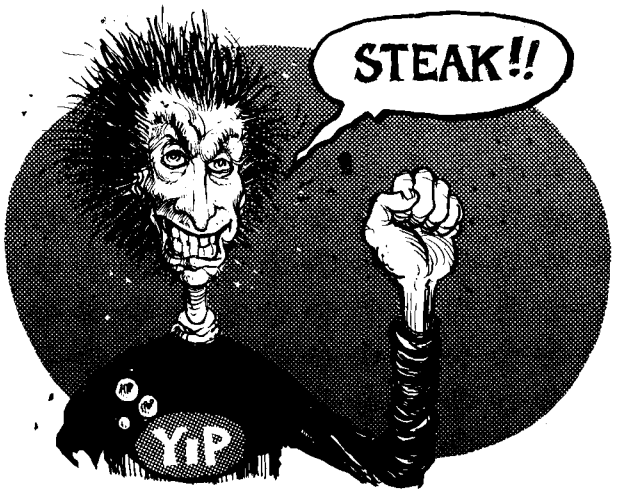
[FOOD CONSPIRACIES]

Forming a food cooperative is one of the best ways to promote solidarity and get every kind of food you need to survive real cheap. It also provides a ready-made bridge for developing alliances with blacks, Puerto Ricans, chicanos and other groups fighting our common oppressor on a community level.

Call a meeting of about 20 communes, collectives or community organizations. Set up the ground rules. There should be a hard core of real good hustlers that serve as the shopping or hunting party, and another group of people who have their heads together enough to keep records and run the central distribution center. Two or three in each group should do it. They can get their food free for the effort. Another method is to rotate the activity among all members of the conspiracy. The method you choose depends upon your politics and whether you favor a division of labor or using the food conspiracy as a training for collective living. Probably a blend of the two is best, but you'll have to hassle that out for yourself. The next thing to agree upon is how the operation and all the shit you get will be paid for. This depends on a number of variables, so we'll map out one scheme and you can modify it to suit your particular situation. Each member of every commune should be assessed a fee for joining. You want to get together about $2000, so with 200 members this is ten bucks apiece. After the joining fee, each person or group has to pay only for the low-budget food ordered, but some loot is needed to get things rolling. The money goes to getting a store-front or garage, a beat-up truck, some scales, freezers, bags, shelving, chopping blocks, slicer and whatever else you need. You can get great deals by looking in the classified ads of the local overground newspaper and checking for restaurants or markets going out of business. Remember—the idea of a conspiracy is to get tons of stuff at real low prices or free into a store-front, and then break it down into smaller units for each group and eventually each member. The freezers allow you to store perishables for a longer time.

The hunting party should be well acquainted with how to rip off shit totally free and where all the best deals are to be found. They should know what food is seasonal and about nutritional diets. There is a lot to learn, such as where to get raw grains in 100-pound lots and how to cut up a side of beef. A good idea is to get a diet freak to give weekly talks in the store-front. Cooking lessons can also be given.

Organizing a community around a basic issue of survival such as food makes a lot of nitty-gritty sense. After your conspiracy gets off the ground and looks permanent, you should seek to expand it to include more members, and an emergency food fund should be set up in case something happens in the community. There should also be a fund whereby the conspiracy can sponsor free community dinners tied into celebrations. Get it together and join the fight for a worldwide food conspiracy. Seize the time! STEAK!



Free Money

NO BOOK ON SURVIVAL should fail to give you some good tips on how to rip off bread. Really horning in on this chapter will put you on Freeloader Street for life, 'cause in Amerika, with money the only thing you'll have trouble getting is poor.

[WELFARE]

It's so easy to get on welfare that anyone who is broke and doesn't have a regular relief check coming in is nothing but a goddam lazy bum. Each state has a different set-up. The racist penny-pinchers of Mississippi dole out only $8.00 a month. New York dishes out the most, with monthly payments up to $120. The Amerikan Public Welfare Association publishes a book called *Public Welfare Directory* with information on exactly what each welfare agency provides and how you go about qualifying. You can read the directory at any public library to find out all you can about how your local office operates.

When you've discovered everything you need to know, head on down to the Welfare Department in your grubbiest clothes. Not sleeping the night before helps. The receptionist will assign an "intaker" to interview you. After a long wait, you'll be directed to a desk. The intaker raps to you for a while, generally showing sympathy for your plight, and turns you over to the caseworker, who will make the final assessment.

Illustrations by Greg Irons

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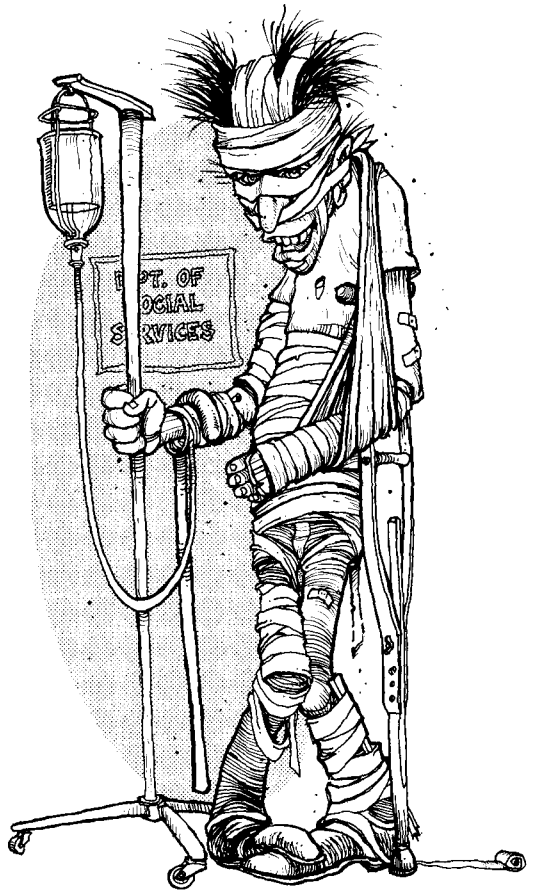

Have your heaviest story ready to ooze out. If you have no physical disabilities, lay down a "mentally deranged" rap. Getting medical papers saying you have any long-term illness or defect helps a lot. Tell the caseworker you get dizzy spells on the job and faint in the street. Keep bobbing your head or yawning. Tell him you tried to commit suicide recently because you just can't make it in a world that has forgotten how to love. Don't lay it on too obviously. Wait till he pries some of the details from you. This makes the story more convincing. Most welfare workers are young and hip. The image you are working on is that of a warm, sensitive kid victimized by brutal parents and a cold, ruthless society. Tell them you held off coming for months because you wanted to maintain some self-respect even though you have been walking the streets broke and hungry. If you are a woman, tell him you were recently raped.

After about an hour or so of this soap-opera stuff, you'll be ready to get your first check. From then on it's a monthly check, complete medical care for free and all sorts of other outasight benefits. Occasionally the caseworker will drop by your pad or ask you down to the office to see how you're coming along, but with your condition, things don't look so good. Don't abandon hope, though. Hope always helps fill in a caseworker's report.

The real trick is to parlay welfare payments in a few different states. Work out an exchange system with a buddy and mail each other the checks when they come in. If the caseworker comes by, your roommate can say you went to find a job or enroll in a class. We know cats who have parlayed welfare payments up to $600 a month.

[UNEMPLOYMENT]

Every outlaw should learn everything there is to know about the rules governing unemployment insurance. As in the case of welfare, rules, eligibility and size of payments differ from state to state. In New York you are eligible for payments equivalent to half your weekly salary (before taxes), up to $65 per week, on the condition that you have worked for a minimum of 20 weeks during the year. Payments are somewhat lower in most other states.

In order to collect, you must show you are actively searching for a job and keep a record of employers you contact. This can easily be fudged. Every time you're questioned about it, mention one or two companies. If your hair is long you'll have no problem. Just say they won't hire you until you get a haircut. When this is the case, the unemployment office cannot cut off your payments (or your hair). They also cannot make you accept a job you do not want. Tell them any job offer you get is not challenging enough for your talents. Unemployment can be collected for six months before payments are terminated. Twenty more weeks of slavery and you can go back to maintaining your dignity in the unemployment line. These job insurance payments cannot be taxed, and since you are working so few weeks out of each year your taxable income is at a minimum. Read all the fine print for Tax Form 1040 (the long form) and discover all the deductible loopholes available to you. You should wind up paying no taxes at all, or having all the taxes that were deducted from your pay reimbursed. Never turn over to the government any funds you can rip off. Remember, it isn't *your* government, so why submit to its taxation if you feel you do not have representation?

[RIP-OFFS]

IF YOU ARE CLOSING OUT your checking account, overdraw your account by $10. The bank won't bother chasing you down for a lousy ten bucks.

Call the telephone operator from time to time and tell her you lost some change in a pay phone. They will mail you cash.

You can get $150 to $600 in advance by willing your body to a university medical school. They have you sign a lot of papers and they put a tattoo on your foot. You can get the tattoo removed and sell your body to the folks across the street. The universities can be ripped off by enrolling, applying for a loan and bugging out after the loan comes through. This is a lot easier than you might imagine, and you can hit them for up to $2500 with a good enough story.

The airlines will give you $250 for each piece of luggage you lose when flying. The following is a good way to lose your luggage: When you get off a plane, have a friend meet you at the gate. Give him your luggage claim stubs and arrange to meet at a washroom or restaurant. Your friend picks up the bags and takes them out of the baggage room. Before he leaves the airport he turns over the stubs to you at your prearranged rendezvous. You casually wander over to the baggage department and search for your elusive luggage. When all the baggage has been claimed, file a complaint with the lost and found department. They'll have you fill out a form, explain that it probably got misplaced on another

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carrier, and promise to send it to you as soon as it is located. In a month you'll receive a check for $250 per bag. Enjoy your flight.

[THE INTERNATIONAL YIPPIE CURRENCY EXCHANGE]

Every time you drop a coin into a slot you are losing money needlessly. There is at least one foreign coin that is the same size (or close enough) that will do the trick for less than a penny.

Washers are the most popular types of slugs. You can go to any hardware store and match them up with various coins. Sometimes you might have to put a small piece of Scotch tape over one side of the hole in the middle of the washer to make it more effective. Each washer is identified by its material and a number, e.g., #14 brass washer—which with Scotch tape on one side is a perfect dime. When you get the ones you want, you can buy thousands for next to nothing (especially at industrial supply stores) and pass them out to your friends.

[TELEPHONES]

RIPPING OFF THE PHONE company is so common that Bell Telephone has a special Security Division that tries to stay just a little ahead of the average free-loader. Many great devices like the coat-hanger release switch have been scrapped because of changes in the phone box. Even the credit card fake-out is doomed to oblivion as the company switches to more computerized techniques. In our opinion, as long as there is a phone company, and as long as there are outlaws, nobody need ever pay for a call. In 1969 alone the phone company estimated that over 10 million dollars worth of free calls was placed from New York City. Nothing, however, compares with the rip-off of the people by the phone company. In that same year American Telephone and Telegraph made a profit of 8.6 billion dollars! Like all public utilities, AT&T passes itself off as a service owned by the people, while in actuality nothing could be further from the truth. Only a small percentage of the public owns stock in these companies and a tiny elite clique makes all the policy decisions. Ripping off the phone company is an act of revolutionary love, so help spread the word.

[PAY PHONES]

You can make a local ten-cent call for two cents by spitting on the pennies and dropping them in the nickel slot. As soon as they are about to hit the trigger mechanism, bang the coin return button. Another way is to spin the pennies counterclockwise into the nickel slot. Hold the penny in the slot with your finger and snap it, spinning with a key or other flat object. Both systems take a certain knack, but once you've perfected the technique, you'll always have it in your survival kit.

If two cents is too much, how about a call for one penny? Cut a ¼-inch strip off the telephone book cover. Insert the cardboard strip into the dime slot as far as it will go. Drop a penny in the nickel slot until it catches in the mechanism. (Spinning will help.) Then slowly pull the strip out until you hear the dial tone.

Bend a bobbie pin, after removing the plastic from the tips, and jab it down into the transmitter or the mouthpiece. When it presses against the metal diaphragm, rub it on a metal wall or pipe to ground it. When you've made contact you'll hear the dial tone. If the phone uses old-fashioned rubber black tubing to enclose the wires running from the headset to the box, you can insert a metal tack through the tubing, wiggle it around a little until it makes contact with the bare wires, and touch the tack to a nearby metal object for grounding.

Put a dime in the phone, dial the operator and tell her you have ten cents credit. She'll return your dime and you'll get your call free. If she asks why, say you made a call on another pay phone, lost the money, and the operator told you to switch phones and call the credit operator.

This same method works for long distance calls. Call the operator and find out the rate for your call. Hang up and call another operator, telling her you just dialed San Francisco direct, got a wrong number and lost $.95, or whatever it is. She will connect you free of charge.

If there are two pay phones next to each other, you can call long distance on one and put the coins in the other. When the operator cuts in and asks you to deposit money, drop the coins into the one you are not using, but hold the receiver up to the slots so the operator can hear the bells ring. When you've finished, you can simply press the return button on the phone with the coins in it and out they come. If you have a good tape recorder you can record the sounds of a quarter, dime and nickel going into a pay phone and play them for the operator in various combinations when she asks for the money. Turn the volume up as loud as you can get it.

You can make a long distance call and charge it to a phone number. Simply tell the operator you want to bill the call to your home phone because you don't have the correct change. Tell her there is no one there now to verify the call, but you will be home in an hour and she can call you there if there is any question. Make sure the area code exchange is correct.

Always have a few made-up credit card numbers. The code letter for 1970 is S, then seven digits of the phone number and a three-digit district number (not the same as the area code). [See RAMPARTS, August 1970: "Ripping Off Ma Bell."] The district number should be under 599. Example: S-473-2100-421 or S-637-3402-035. Look up the phone numbers for large corporations in the phone book. You can find the district numbers for your area by simply requesting a credit card for your home phone, which is very easy to get, and then using the last three numbers with another phone number. Usually, making up exotic numbers from far-away places will work quite well, as it would be impossible for an operator to spot a phony number in the short time she has to check her list. If the people you call get inquiries from the phone company, tell them a lot of people use the phone and not to bother you anymore.

[HOME PHONES]

We advise against making phony credit card calls on a home phone. We have seen a gadget that you install between

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the wall socket and the cord which not only allows you to receive all the calls you want for free, but eliminates the standard form of electronic bugging. They are being manufactured and sold for 50 dollars by a disgruntled telephone engineer in Massachusetts. Unfortunately you are going to have to find him on your own or duplicate his efforts, for he has sworn us to secrecy. If someone does offer you such a device, it probably really does work. Test it by installing it and having someone call you from a pay phone. If it's working, the person should get his dime back at the end of the call.

Actually, if you have the slightest information about wiring, you can have your present phone disconnected on the excuse that you'll be leaving town for a few months, and then connect the wires into the main trunk lines on your own. Extensions can easily be attached to your main line without the phone company knowing about it.

If you plan to stay at your present address for only a few more months, stop paying the bill and call like crazy. After a month you get the regular bill, which you avoid paying. Another month goes by and the next bill comes, with last month's balance added to it. Shortly thereafter you get a note advising you that your service will be terminated in ten days if you don't pay the bill. Wait a few days and send them a five- or ten-dollar money order with a note saying you've had an accident and are pressed for funds because of large medical bills, but you'll send them the balance as soon as you are up and around again. That will hold them for another month. In all, you can stretch it out for four or five months with a variety of excuses and small payments. (This also works with the gas and electric companies and with any department stores you conned into letting you charge.)

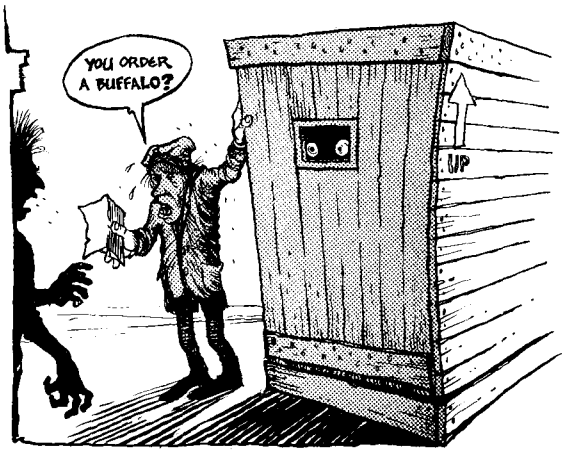
You can get the deposit for half of the normal rate if you are a student or have other special qualifications. Surprisingly, these rates and discounts vary from area to area, so check around before you go into the business office for your phone. There is an incredible 50-cent charge per month for *not* having your phone listed. If you want an unlisted phone, you can avoid this fee by having the phone listed in a fictitious name, even if the bill is sent to you. Just say you want your roommate's name listed instead of your own.

Assorted Free-Bees

[PETS]

Your local SPCA will give you a free dog, cat, bird or other pet. Have them inspect and innoculate the animal, which they will do free of charge. You can get free or very cheap medical care for your pet at a school for veterinary medicine.

Every year the National Park Service gives away surplus elk in order to keep the herds under its jurisdiction from outgrowing the amount of available land for grazing. Write to: Superintendent, Yellowstone National Park, Yellowstone, Wyoming 93020. You must be prepared to pay the freight charges for shipping the animal and guarantee that you can provide enough grazing land to keep the big fellow happy. Under the same arrangement the government will send you a free buffalo. Write to: Office of Information, Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C. So many people have written them recently demanding their free buffalo that they called a press conference to publicly attack the Yippies for creating chaos in the government. Don't take any buffalo shit from these petty bureaucrats; demand the real thing. Demand your Free Buffalo.



You can get a free 16-mm movie about parakeets called "More Fun with Parakeets" by writing to: R. T. French Co., 9068 Mustard Street, Rochester, New York 14609.

[SECURITY]

For this trick, you need some money to begin with. Deposit it in a bank and return in a few weeks, telling them you lost your bank book. They give you a card to fill out and sign and in a week you will receive another book. Now withdraw your money. This leaves you with your original money and a bank book showing a balance. You can use this as identification, to prevent vagrancy busts when traveling, as collateral for bail or for opening a charge account at a store.

Another trick is to buy some travelers checks. Wait a week and report your checks lost. They'll give you new ones to replace the missing ones. You spend your new checks and keep the ones you reported lost as security. (This security is great for international travel, especially at border crossings.) If you want you can spend the travelers checks by giving them to a friend to forge your name. Before you call the office to report the loss, call the police station and say you were mugged and your wallet was stolen. The agency always asks if you have reported the lost checks to the police, so you can safely answer yes. Never do this for more than $500, and never more than once with any one company.

[POSTAGE]

Because almost all letters are machine-processed, any stamp that is the correct size will pass. Easter seals and a variety of other stamps usually get by the electronic scanner. If you put the stamp on a spot other than the upper right-hand corner, it will not be cancelled and can be used again by the person who gets your letter. If you have a friend working in a large corporation, you can run your organization's mail through their postage meter.

Those ridiculous free introductory offers or subscription

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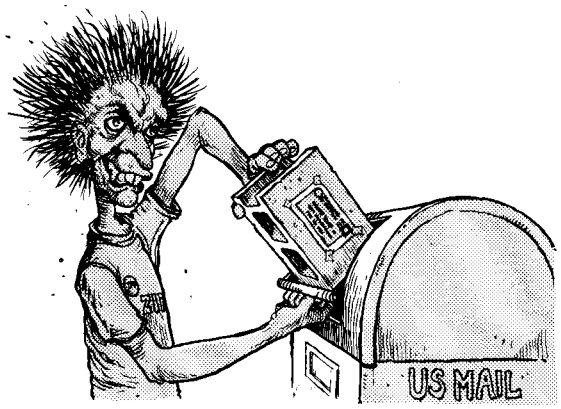
letters that you get in the mail often have a postage-guaranteed return postcard for your convenience. The next one you get, paste it on a brick and drop it in the mailbox. The company is required by law to pay the postage. You can also get rid of all your garbage this way.



[MINISTRY]

Unquestionably one of the best deals going is becoming a minister in the Universal Life Church. They will send you, absolutely free, bona fide ordination papers. These entitle you to all sorts of discounts and tax exemptions. Right now, sit down and write to Universal Life Church, Inc., 601 Third Street, Modesto, California 95351.

[ATROCITIES]

Join the Army!

[VETERAN'S BENEFITS]

Write to the Veteran's Administration Information Service, Washington, D.C. 20420, asking them for the free services they provide for veterans. Send 15 cents to the Government Printing Office for their booklet, "Federal Benefits Available to Veterans and Their Dependents."

[WATCHES]

A $330 Bulova sport-timer, accurate to one-tenth of a second, will be loaned free to judges and referees to time any amateur sporting event. Call your local authorized Bulova dealer and get one loaned to you under a phony name.

[VACATIONS]

There are many ways to take a free vacation, but here's one you might not have considered. It's an all-expense-paid trip to Las Vegas for absolutely nothing. Call your travel agent and request information about Las Vegas gambling junkets. (You'll probably have to hunt around, because this practice is being curtailed.) Different hotels have different deals, but the average one runs something like this: If you agree to buy $500 worth of chips that can only be spent on the gambling tables of the host hotel, they will fly you round-trip, pay all hotel and food bills and provide you with a rented car. Go with a close friend and check into the hotel. Once at the roulette or craps table you and your friend bet the same amount of chips against each other on even-paying chances. For example, he would bet on red and you on black. When either of you wins you keep the house chips; when you lose, turn in the specially marked chips that cannot be cashed in. What you are doing is simply exchanging the chips you came with for house chips that you can cash in for real dough. Theoretically your two vacations should cost $23 if you do the betting at the crap table and $52 if you bet even chances at roulette. It sure is a hell of a vacation for the money, and you get free champagne on some flights.

You can get half a vacation free by going to the Amerikan Embassy or Consulate in the country you find yourself in and claiming that you're destitute. There is a law on the books that says they have to send you home. They might try to send you away, but be persistent. Make up a story about how your parents are away from home. Say you got mugged or something and you are about to go to the newspapers with your story. Eventually they'll get you a free plane ticket. They stamp your passport invalid, though, and you have to pay the government back before you can use it again.

[DRINKS]

When hitching, it's a good idea to carry a bottle opener and a straw. You take the caps off soda bottles while they're still in the machine and drink them dry without ever touching the bottle.

[DIPLOMAS]

Above the paper towel dispenser in a service station restroom was written: "San Francisco State Diplomas." If you really need a college or high school diploma, send $2.00 to Glennco, Box 834, Warren, Michigan 48090. They send you one that looks authentic. It ain't Harvard, but it looks good enough to frame and put on your wall.

[TOILETS]

SNEAK UNDER!

Abbie Hoffman is co-founder of the Yippies and author of Woodstock Nation *and* Revolution for the Hell of It.

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"Medium Chile": Cinéma Vérité inside the Third World

by Phillip Frazer

THEY'RE NOT OUT there every day, but most of us have seen them. They drive up and sit in their new American station wagons, keeping watch. In Chile, the new station wagons mark them as government people, in this case cops, the secret police. They park opposite our rambling, tree-shaded Spanish-style villa on the quiet, upper-class Avenida Ricardo Lyon, while we go about our business, arguing the rationale for a team of leftists making a movie about revolution and living in such a bourgeois house. Actually, the movie company is half Chilean, but that half lives in its own houses and refers to Lyon as the "Boarding House"; it is a commune-of-necessity. We are crammed together and eat our communal meals at a big mess-table. Gabriel (the Fixer) tells us when new developments threaten us: our phone is definitely being tapped; don't mention revolutionary subjects or the black market rates on U.S. dollars. If the secret police really wanted to bust the movie wide open before we'd even half made it, they surely could. A large house full of long-haired, left-wing, dope-smoking Americans—who needs a warrant for that in Chile? But they are biding their time. This is before the September 4th Chilean presidential elections: they want to see what the new line is to be toward radicals—and Americans. The whole country is in a state of feverish political suspense. Later, after the election, even after the inauguration of Allende in office, the suspense would remain. Once the outcome of the election was known, people still had to ask: what could such a victory ultimately mean? That is also one of the questions the film was made to pose.

The film opens with a dramatic shot of a Braniff Airlines jet whistling to a halt at Santiago Airport. In fact, this happens twice, and each time we follow a different guy as he gets out and through the heavy green-coated Customs cops. One is Martin Scott Bradford, whose travel papers say he's here on business; the other is Simón, a Chilean who's been in Cuba since the revolution and is returning ostensibly to help the Communist-backed Unidad Popular win the election. Both of them are men with a mission—they walk that way. Dick Stahl, who plays Martin, knows how to frown like an earnest liberal, and Anibal Reyna, who plays Simón, knows his dialectics, having once founded Chile's *El Teatro Libre* (Free Theatre). As they descend the stairs on deplaning, a familiar voice ballads out their respective life stories in a sardonic languid tone: Country Joe McDonald is in Chile to help Saul Landau and Raul Ruiz produce a revolutionary film—or is it several films being spun onto a single reel?

It all began when Jim Becket, 33, expatriate American and international lawyer living in Geneva, tried to get a novel he'd written made into a film. The book followed two Peace Corps workers from disillusionment to politicization; it was set in Chile. That's about where the similarity ends. Becket went to Chile with Greek-French director Nikos Papatakis to check out the possibilities, but Papatakis opted out because he felt he would have had to live 18 months in Chile to do it honestly, and because the story would carry more political impact if made by an American. Becket did meet Raul Ruiz, the whiz kid of South American directors, and got to hear of New Left film-maker Saul Landau, who at that time was in New York. After protracted three-way correspondence, and a three-day writing session at Bolinas in the California woods, the trio had a plot and eventually even a film. The script, which had a habit of changing daily while I was in Chile, consisted of Saul's idea of following a Chilean Communist as he returns from an extended stint in Cuba, combined with Jim's Peace Corps story and Raul's wish to examine the various left archetypes of Chile: the Communists who still believe in the elections, the reformists, the revolutionaries, the guerrillas and the drop-outs.

HAVING ARRIVED to the strains of Country Joe, Martin (the CIA agent *cum* businessman) and Simón (the Fidelista) make their respective ways to their hotel (one and the same), and start making contacts. Martin is after Suzanne (a Peace Corps volunteer) to get at her body as much as to check out her disillusionment. Simón is to meet Osvaldo, the old-line Communist, and his revolutionary son Hugo. When they get it all together, several thousand feet of filmed debate ensues and one can only pity the editor and mourn for Marx that he is destined to become so much dialectical celluloid on the cutting-room floor.

* * *

From the lounge-room discussions at the Boarding House, it sure looked as though Saul was setting out to present the audience with a series of left-wing alternatives (old, new, reformist, revolutionary) and inviting them/us to line up and choose. In fact, says Saul, that's pretty true, except that all the leftists in South America must agree that some version of revolution is on—whether through the guns of Che and Fidel, or the electoral process that gave Guatemala a leftist president till the U.S. blew his regime apart. Without quibbling over definitions, Saul's image of a battle amongst archetypes was exactly where Chile was at in this winter of 1970. Here was a Third World nation with all the textbook problems of an economy dominated by outside companies (the U.S. investment in Chile totals over $1 billion), a social class structure that gets more and more polarized as the peasants flood the cities and clamor for work, and a political

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system well in the hands of the middle-class bureaucrats and their comrades in the military. Here was a nation desperately in search of its redeemer; the choice: one old-time father figure who promised security and nothing else (Alessandri—no party); one left-of-center reformist Christian Democrat who would carry on the Alliance for Progress style of the present regime (Tomic); and one three-time loser from the Socialist Front, Salvador Allende, who would run on the official Communist Party line and promised nationalization and free milk for babies, but who was no Fidel.

* * *

SIMÓN from Cuba, who quit Chile when the Party refused to take to the streets after 1964's narrow election defeat, naturally gravitates toward Hugo, the Mirista (urban guerrilla). Suzanne, meanwhile, finds herself obliged to talk to Martin of the CIA—and to justify her urge to quit the Peace Corps, which she perceives as yet another agent of Empire. The election looms closer and rallies are filmed, with real actors mixing in with real crowds, and real politicos on stages rigged up across main streets. In the northern village of Copiapó the whole band of actors/characters/archetypes comes together for a Socialist Front rally. In the furor of demonstration and counter-demonstration, the local (left-wing) priest is mowed down by the cops—and Country Joe sings:

A move without violence these days is unthinkable,
And we cannot completely break with convention,
Violence in the movies is bloody,
The people in the audience quiver with excitement.
They did it for Bonnie and Clyde and the Sundance Kid
And maybe some of you did it for the priest.
Feel the bullets enter the body
Vicariously you squirm
The priest really died and you didn't even know
And probably still don't know,
Movie violence is like that—
It's not for real.

Actually, it's very unlikely Joe will ever sing those words—they're Saul

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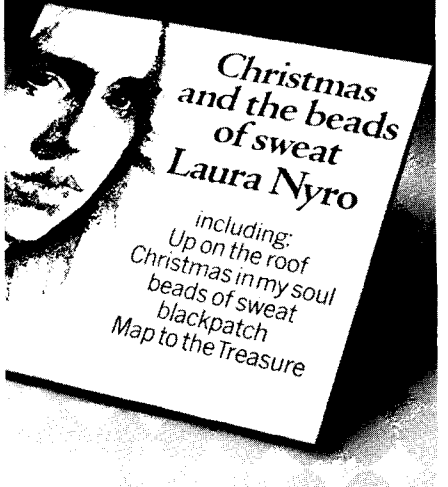
A lot of people.
It's songs about clothespins on wash ropes, hustling crowds and tenement roofs.
But Laura's album is more than that. A lot more. It's God standing on the brown earth, scarlet sidestreets in the soft flames of spring, a summer sunset in the treasure of love, and markets in the cool, white morning.
The everyday things people are too busy to notice.
The everyday things that make life beautiful.
"Christmas and the beads of sweat" is about love that's hidden from the city's blinding lights.
It's about life that's both hard and tender.
It's about you.



On Columbia Records and Tapes

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Landau's "rough" lyrics, and if you suspect that sounds like a mean trick—building the audience up with the best make-up blood and gore, then kicking 'em in the teeth with obvious lyrics—you're right. Joe said, as we sat in the warm comfort of a Hollywood Chinese restaurant far from the madding Chilean crowds, "I'd probably rather try to highlight the emotional involvement in the audience. I don't intend to bring anyone down—I think the priest's death is tragic and terrible and that is exactly what should be felt. I'd like to raise the audience's involvement and identification from the vicarious gut reaction to a higher, head reaction." As I said—this movie really has a lot of dilemmas awaiting resolution.

In the excitement that follows the priest's death, Suzanne and Hugo finally get together and fuck for the revolution. Movie sex.

* * *

Problem: how to get Chilean cops to play themselves in a scene where they shoot some guy to pieces, and a priest at that.

Solution: (1) convince them the guy's a baddie and deserves to be decimated; (2) make some cop clothes in the costume department; or (3) do the scene as a zappy, close-up montage of images—bullets, pig faces, blood, holes in flesh, etc. . . . simple?

* * *

As election day approaches, every inch of grimy stone wall or even tree trunk in Chile seems to be splattered with the slogans. Teams of sloganeers roam the streets at night—some with buckets of paint and brushes, some with rifles and clubs to keep the opposition at bay and make sure the cops leave them alone. There are long jail terms for painting on public property, but why should a cop who's underpaid and uncertain of which way the political wind is blowing risk his skin for a war of words?

The international symbolism of the election becomes more amazing as each day goes by. I walk the streets, drive through them in the film crew's Land Rover, and everywhere carloads of frantic partisans shout names (Alessandri, Tomic, Allende) and give the one-, two- or three-finger salute. Each candidate has been allotted a number on the ballot paper, so to demonstrate your allegiance you just flash the number of your man. Tomic, the centrist, is number one; Alessandri, the rightist, is two; and Allende (the Third Worldist?) is three. Don't flash the peace sign in Chile today—it means something very, very different. Don't flash any sign, in fact; it's an offense for a visitor to "interfere" with the country's politics, and besides, Lobo Films is like an earnest amoeba seeking its true shape and purpose while under the microscope of the secret pigs. One false move and you're . . . where? A month ago Pablo's brother was awakened late at night by a dozen heavies in green trench coats and bundled down to the vast grey prison next to Thieves' Market. No charge, but armed bank robbery was a good start and Pablo's brother admitted it when they had the electrodes on his balls. Pablo's brother is in an underground cell now, with no real trial and no term of sentence. He's just "inside." Pablo's brother was a Mirista and that's exactly what Pablo plays in the film. . . . Pablo's brother is 18; no one will guess how old he'll be when he gets out.

JIM BECKET, who is technically producer and co-writer, has lived in New York, Geneva, Mexico, Rumania, Bolivia and Egypt, but he still sounds like a Harvard law graduate who excels at skiing and knows his Spanish grammar backwards but speaks it with a flat Harvard accent. In the communal scene of the Boarding House, Jim sometimes comes across like the scout-master (or perhaps Head Prefect?). I've moved into the Boarding House from my penthouse suite as we all prepare to live through and film through the climactic week of electioneering in Santiago.

In the streets, in the cafés, at the rallies, through my hazy Spanish I get the message that this is the last try. This election is as archetypal as the characters in Saul's film. The people come out at night to pack the streets for miles behind the propped-up stages to hear their redeemers promise salvation in one of three guises. For the Alessandristas it's to be a simple matter. The old man has been president before; he knows. (It doesn't really matter *what* he knows, as his newspaper ads so graphically show. They

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feature imperious shots of Ho Chi Minh, de Gaulle, Adenauer, the Pope, Churchill, Mao and . . . Alessandri! The caption reads, "When the time of crisis arrives, the people turn to the great old men. In Chile he's called Don Jorge Alessandri.") For the Christian Democrats, salvation is an extension of Frei's limited nationalization program, which took 51 per cent of U.S. copper mines but left the control in the hands of the Martin Scott Bradfords. For the poor, the miners, the homeless, the slum-dwellers who have expropriated fields around the cities and squatted in shantytowns *(poblaciones)* . . . salvation is Salvador Allende and the Communists. And the message I read between the mass hysteria at the rallies is that this time salvation had better happen or you can kiss your elections and your arse good-bye.

Last exit before the apocalypse.

* * *

As Martin drives determinedly back from the village of Copiapó after the symbolically violent crisis engineered by the priest's death, the screen splits to show the advertising signs all along the road; the camera moves in on a nuts-and-bolts factory just outside Santiago, where the workers have staged regular strikes and take-overs. A huge sign stretches right across the front of the factory proclaiming the (genuine) name of the company—AMERICAN SCREW (CHILE). On a ledge just below the sign sits Country Joe in peasant robes singing "The Ballad of Imperialism":

"Ladies and gentlemen [begins Joe, as the other half of the screen follows the impassive Martin on his way to report back to Washington], this could be a heavy ballad, telling you about how imperialism is terrible, but everyone knows all that stuff so instead we'll sing you a ballad of imperialism—

What did I know of life, from you I was apart,
Until Imperialism came and stole my heart,
It took my lips, my eyes, my head and soul.
Without it I'd feel so alone,
Like the man I loved
And it's big and strong
And I'm a peaceful dove
I'm gonna rise up angry
I've got them deep down, woebegone, suffocating, intoxicating, anti-imperialist blues!

* * *

Living in the Boarding House is actually quite a trip. The American half of the film crew consists of the Landau family (Nina is Saul's wife and an experienced stage and TV director), several assorted Spanish-speaking production assistants, and a few rich revolutionaries who invested bread in Lobo Films and are there to watch it spent and to learn film-making at first hand. We spend our days filming the outdoor, more or less scripted, sequences, and our evenings on indoor scenes or political rallies. Communication is no hangup as every other person is bilingual. Much greater hangups are ideological problems of how to treat your stars in a socialist commune (should Sandy Archer, as lead lady, have a bedroom all to herself? I should think so), and where to get a real rare fillet steak. Of all the manifestations of the culture gap between the Chileans and the Americans, none was more curious than the alcohol-marijuana split. The Chilean left is of the wine-drinking, corduroy-jacketed, pipe-smoking variety. The American left is moving toward the full-grown head scene, and that's pretty hard to handle in a country where marijuana is still treated like hemlock and about as hard to find. For those in the know, fantastic grass was available from the dedicated Roman Catholic monks of Valparaiso—but then, the red wine in Chile is excellent and costs less than 30 cents a bottle.

* * *

Two days to the election, and *El Mercurio,* Chile's conservative-liberal daily broadsheet, has reached a hysterical crescendo in its campaign for Alessandri. They re-ran a tired exposé on Soviet espionage in Chile, implying that the Socialist Front was a vital link in the International Communist Conspiracy. On Saturday's color pages, they re-ran shots of Soviet tanks in Prague and made it pretty easy for an ignorant peasant to imagine them in the main streets of Santiago next week. Fortunately *El Mercurio* is one of those dry dailies that only sells to the upper-middle and upper classes, who needed

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* * *

As Martin makes rendezvous with his CIA contacts, and Simón with his revolutionaries, Suzanne's dilemma reaches its peak when she is coopted to help Hugo and his Mirista friends kidnap Martin for the cause. She realizes that the revolution must be fought, but that for her the fight is in the belly of the beast—back in the USA. As she desperately searches for a solution, Osvaldo and the Party put their power behind their electoral effort and Hugo is captured—just as his real-life brother was. The film nears its end.

THE ELECTION is to be on Friday and it's Wednesday night—the night of the final "official" Socialist Front rally for Allende. As the sky begins to turn dark brown in the twilight and the smog, our convoy of Land Rovers and Toyotas and our Russian jeep draws up behind the vast scaffolding of the stage in the road that runs to the Mapocho railway station. By spanning the whole street the stage completes a three-sided open-air auditorium, with the three-storey apartments down each side of the road for miles enclosing the vast placard-carrying crowds. An area the size of a basketball court has been roped off in front of the stage for the press. It's in this area that we set up our cameras and feel like invaders and imposters as we stroll about, mixing in with the Socialist leaders while the electorate strains and sweats in unbelievable discomfort behind the barricades. As the darkness descends I take up my post on the roof of the Land Rover just inside the press enclosure, separated from the 200,000 faithful by a thin line of guards and some boards and rope. The stage is about 20 feet in front of me. Immediately in front of the stage, cameraman Gustavo coolly ignores the surging masses behind him and focuses on the orchestra that has set up to play "Venceremos"—Allende's campaign song.

From my rooftop position it's easy to see the wave-patterns develop in the crowds; moderate pushing 50 yards down the road swells up to a frenzy not ten feet away. I just hope that the boards will hold. The test will be when Allende makes his appearance on the platform to present his final speech.

The orchestra is warming up and the crowd's restlessness increases as one branch of the Party after another arrives with its banners and placards, all straining to get up front and see their savior. Behind me there's a deafening crack as the first boards splinter and bodies burst in every direction, some trampled underfoot, some crashing into the small trees that line the street and are full of young Socialists trying for an aerial view. Bodies and the sparks from lighted torches tumble all around the Land Rover, which begins to sway under the impact. Before I have time to jump clear and head for safer ground the whole front lines give way and Gustavo and the crew are running (with cameras and tapes on their shoulders) for the only way out left to them—the stage. Bassoon players and frail violinists are hauling Gustavo's 220-pound frame onto the platform as the delighted crowd lets out a mass cheer of relief at the momentary release of pressure. I just settle back on my car roof and listen while a Chilean student next to me translates Allende's speech for me—into French.

* * *

In the film script, Martin is exposed by the Communists as a CIA agent and Simón is exposed by the right-wing press as a Cuban agent—so both make their hasty departures from the same airport they arrived at just three weeks before.

ON ELECTION morning we are awakened by the shouts and cheers of Darío, Gustavo, Anibal, Lucho, Sergio, Raul, Ernesto, Jorge and Pepe—already, returns coming from the north give Allende a slight edge. So begins the long, tiresome business for those who will follow the voting on the radio or the TV we hired for the day.

Around midday the maids (yes, maids for a revolutionary film crew—such are the internal contradictions of the system) go off to vote. Carmencha, the cook, is a card-carrying member of the CP.

By late afternoon the lead is swaying between Allende and Alessandri, with Tomic a predictable last. The tension around the rambling suburban villa is pretty high, and voting goes on

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till 5:00 PM.

Later in the evening the meal is over and the flagons of Portuguese wine are piling up in the corner. The television commentators are really scratching for anything new to say between crosses to the tally rooms. The show is livened up by the fact that there appears to be one official (army-supervised) counting table, and one each manned by supporters of the three candidates. Somehow each candidate's table manages to interpret figures as a crushing victory for their side. But the Chileans in our midst are hip to the hype and watch only for real signs of victory. The first sign comes around 10:00 PM, when counting is interrupted by an announcement that the Unidad Popular (Socialist) has called for a "victory demonstration" in the main city plaza. The cheers ring out at the Boarding House—only to be hushed minutes later when a counter-announcement emanates from police headquarters to the effect that no such demonstration has been authorized or justified. The cameras and wine bottles are put down again and the wait resumes. The two candidates are separated by a fraction of a per cent as the women's votes start to take it away from Allende. (In Chile, voting booths are segregated to ensure no mad husband forces a wife to vote his way—or vice versa.)

At 2:30 AM the count is suddenly interrupted on every channel—a curt statement from the police is read: "The demonstration called by the Unidad Popular is now authorized." The victory celebrations may begin.

Suddenly, the lounge room of the Boarding House is more like a barroom as our Chilean comrades throw themselves around the room, with red wine and tears and whoops of victory crashing on the stunned, reserved, unbelieving, cool heads from the USA. As Western lefties, we just cannot accept it. We *can't* win! The left has become so convinced of its paper tiger status that we are without means to cope with this scene. Immediately Saul is rapping about how the "real" work begins now—how the Chilean propensity for verbosity with which to obscure the obvious must give way to sound governmental procedures. How can a government make a revolution without the dissolution of the army and the arming of

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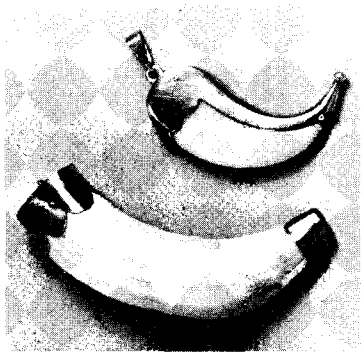

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the people? How can Allende possibly survive the vote he must face in Congress on November 4th? How can he control Congress when he beat Alessandri by only 1.4 per cent? These and other thrilling questions will be answered in subsequent issues of the New York Times, which, meanwhile, reports that U.S. government and business are "resigned to a Marxist Chile" . . . one is tempted to ask indignantly, what if they weren't? But then just think of the Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Bolivia, Vietnam, Laos, etc., etc., etc. . . .

By 3:30 AM the *Alameda* (Main Street) was packed with 80,000 drunken Socialists celebrating the first "democratic" election of a Marxist president. Within half an hour an invitation arrived for the new government to send a delegation to Cuba to examine economic development there and to re-establish full diplomatic relations between the two countries. Before dawn the acceptance had been cabled to Fidel.

The next day was a quiet Saturday in central Santiago as the victors slept it off and the vanquished plotted their strategy.

I was lunching on white wine, chicken and the monks' harvest with the lovely Sandy Archer, her fellow star Dick Stahl (who plays Martin in the movie), Dick's wife Katherine, and Anibal (Simón in celluloid) in the cool Chilean air. We were interrupted by the arrival of two university professors from Brazil who knew Anibal—they had flown in that morning as the news spread to the faithful leftists of South America that they had a new home, a new hope.

That night I rushed to the airport to catch the only seat left for weeks on a plane out of Chile—the airport was packed with long-haired, cord-jacketed intellectual leftists pouring into the country, jostling happily with sour-faced men in blue-flannel suits and James Bond suitcases—Americans and other capitalists getting out while they still had their dollars. Allende had promised to nationalize all major industries, including Anaconda Copper, Kennecott Copper, Bethlehem Steel, International Telephone and Telegraph, Standard Electricity (owned by IT&T), Standard Oil, Crown Zellerbach, Mobil Oil, Bank of America, Dow Chemical (they're everywhere), Du Pont, and the First National City Bank. He also promised to expropriate large landholdings and redistribute them as peasants' cooperatives and to dissolve Congress and replace it with a single-house People's Assembly.

* * *

As the camera follows Martin and Simón aboard their plane to take them back to their leaders, Country Joe sings: "You have just seen an adventure film . . . [20-second trailer cut montage with adventure music] . . . A film about romance . . . [a love-scene trailer of the sexiest cuts from the film] . . . A great war film about the greatest war of all times: Latin America at war . . . [shots of guerrillas, demonstrations, the shooting of the priest] . . . A true-life documentary about underdevelopment . . . [shots of *poblaciones*, tent-villages, poverty and filth]."

As the picture fades, a box appears on the screen with each of these alternatives in a separate column, and a notice asks you to choose your film.

Phillip Frazer is the editor of the Australian journal, Revolution.

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3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: MONTHLY
4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION (Street, city, county, state, ZIP code) 1940 Bonita Ave., Berkeley, Ca 94704
5. LOCATION OF THE HEADUARTERS OR GENERAL *BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS (Not printers)* Same
6. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR

PUBLISHER (Name and address) Ramparts Magazine Inc., 1940 Bonita Ave., Berkeley, California 94704

EDITOR (Name and address) Peter Collier, David Horowitz, 1940 Bonita Ave., Berkeley, California 94704

MANAGING EDITOR (Name and address) Jan Austin, Sheila Daar, David Kolodney, 1940 Bonita Ave., Berkeley, California 94704

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